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East and West.

BY
DAPHNE S. GILES, (Jenks)

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

“Yet is thine image one
That long will linger
In Memory's temple, like a melting tone
Of music from a spring-bird gone,
Till Death's dark finger
Hath written that my hour is come.”

ANN ARBOR:
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TO

J. W. BROOKS, Esq

Detroit, Mich.

-*-

I respectfully dedicate this volume to you
as a memento of my gratitude.

D. S. GILES,

ANN ARBOR,

MICH.



**Every incident of this work may be
relied upon, as the author is not a Novel
reader, nor a Novel writer.**

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EAST AND WEST.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW ENGLAND COTTAGE.

" There is a land of beauty bright,
The clime of love, the home of light,
With gems and fragrant lilies dight."

If the reader is a stranger to the New England village and its picturesque scenery, it will be a difficult task to strengthen the mental eye, though aided by a vivid imagination, to look upon its lofty mountains, clothed with the richest verdure, which

have nursed the gigantic oak and
towering pine, amid whose branches
the forked lightnings have held the
midnight dance, while the deep-toned
thunder strove in vain to chant the
requiem of centuries past ; and again
whose impregnable sides the frenzied
whirlwinds have dashed in quick suc-
cession the electric balls, unex-
tinguished by the rolling torrents fall-
ing from cleft to cleft, until the shatt-
er'd crag loses its strong hold, and
the unimpeded element finds a safe de-
posit in the bosom of some deep river
where it leaves its maddened roar
mingles with the purling stream
babbling brook. There is beauty as
well as sublimity, mingled with
the tain scenery. The eye can
rest with indifference upon the
east, while the King of day
opens his golden lid, and with his
lashes forming the gloriou

of the purple morn, causing the valleys to unfold their dewy pearls.

In one of these deep ravines on the banks of the beautiful "Roselle," stood a plain white cottage, unadorned by ancient or modern architecture. The weeping willow and a spreading elm furnished an ample shade, while the blooming honeysuckle and luxuriant woodbine formed a floral arch over the doorway of Captain De Van's hospitable dwelling. This gentleman was of the Puritan race, with stereotyped principles, and a native of Connecticut—was reared among the Blue Laws of that state, and was married in early life to a Miss Jane Williams, after which he moved to the state of Vermont, and settled with his young wife near the spot above described,—where they, by their industry and economy, acquired in a few years a comfortable competency.

Mrs. De Van was indeed the help-mate of her husband. Her amiable character rendered her the favorite of the neighborhood. She often, in administering to the wants of others, found that it was more blessed to give than receive; their house was the house of prayer,—morning and evening the old family Bible lay open upon the stand. This volume was not only sacred to Mr. De Van as the word of God, but because it was a precious gift from his venerable father. As he knelt with his wife and children around the family altar, with bowed head, in low and solemn tones he prayed to Almighty God for strength and wisdom, to train up his children in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Year after year passed on, the sacred fire on that family altar burned bright and clear.

They met from Sabbath to Sabbath

and mingled their unostentatious devotions with those whose delight it is to bring unto God the acceptable offering of a broken and contrite heart. These humble villagers worshipped not God by proxy, they sang with solemn melody—

" My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life and breath remains ;
There my best friends and kindred dwell,—
There God my Saviour reigns."

The villagers of Roselle, by their united efforts, had erected a neat and commodious sanctuary in a sequestered part of their village, though for several years they were obliged to use this as a school-room. The ample play-grounds and the neighboring grove in the rear, made it not an unfit place for the development of the intellect. A long range of the Green Mountains were in full view, and lofty hills on either hand could be seen

covered by the grazing flocks of the surrounding farmers. Mr. and Mrs. De Van were prompt to defray their portion of the expenses of church and school, for they had now two children who must be educated either at home or abroad. As much pains was usually taken in the selection of teachers, they resolved to educate them at home. Affie and Amelia were the names of their two elder daughters; Affie being two years the senior.

The foundation for correct principles was early laid by their virtuous mother; and her health being poor, she had not failed to initiate her daughters into the art of housekeeping. At the age of ten they were further advanced in this necessary part of female education than the most of young ladies are at the present day at twenty. The large bunches of fine linen yarn that hung upon the walls and aff

wards made into linen, or the high case of drawers filled with bedding of the same material bleached to the whiteness of snow—these were sufficient proof that Mrs. D. and her daughters were of that class of whom the wise man hath said, “She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.” Mrs. De Van taught her daughters that industry was an ancient accomplishment, while Mr. De Van read to them the custom of the eastern nobility, as follows :

“It was the pride of Augustus Cæsar, that his imperial robes, his fringed tunie, and costly quilts, were wrought in his household, by the hands of his wife, his sister, his daughter, and his grand-daughter. So, too, Alexander the Great, when advising the mother of Darius to teach her nieces to imitate the Grecian ladies in spinning wool, showed her the garments

which he wore, and told her they were made by his sisters. The virtuous Lucretia worked with her maidens at the spinning wheel; and Tanaquil, the wife of Tarquin, wrought woollen robes so well, that long after her death her spinning implements, together with a robe of her manufacture, were hung up in the temple of Fortune,—a constant monument of her taste and skill, and for the instruction of Roman maids and matrons, that they, too, should lay their hands to the spindle, and their hands should hold the distaff.”

Affie, with a heart as pure as the mountain air she breathed, often danced her distaff, while the silver thread glided through her slender fingers, rolling like magic on the polished spool, which she, with grace unsurpassed, kept in motion by her tiny feet. Affie playfully ir

rupted her father, as he read the following :

“ In early times the bride went to her new home amid the throng of rejoicing maidens ; and the young attendants carried in their hands the distaff and the spindle, with the gay-colored woollens hanging about them.’ This is just the way, dear papa, that I am going to my bridal home.”

Amelia seriously replied, “ You are not sure that he will have a home to take you to.”

“ Then, Milly,” replied Affie, “ be assured I shall not be *took* !”

Mrs. De Van for some time had been a silent listener, but not an indifferent one, as she was always attentive to the reading of her husband, and the incessant prattle of her children. She now broke silence by playfully asking Affie to conjugate the verb “ took.” The girls soon set

about their task in high glee, and the parents joined heartily in the laugh of their children.

Mrs. De Van then cast her eye upon the old wooden clock, that stood in a tall but finely polished case in the corner, and saw that it was nearly four o'clock. "It is time, my children, that your sports and your work were laid aside, for we shall have scarce time to make arrangements for the Sabbath before sundown; it is later than I had thought."

"Thank you, Jane, for telling me the time, for I have my chores all to do," said Mr. D., and rose hastily and walked to the door, when he saw that the boys had already got the cows in the yard. "Milly, dear, hand me the milk-pails." Milly had just finished laying her patchwork in perfect order in her basket, and was ready to comply with the request of her father.

Affie in a few moments had her wheel stowed away in the weaving shop; and the floor, which in the morning had been scoured to almost a perfect whiteness, was re-swept, and every chair put in its place. The old kitchen table was drawn to the middle of the floor, and covered with a cloth as white as snow; every dish was set in order, and among them were several pewter plates which were considered by them more valuable than their china set, which was only used on special occasions. The brown loaf was drawn smoking from the oven, where it had been placed in the morning by Mrs. D., and put upon a large pewter platter, which, with the butter plate, had been polished till they were as bright as silver. The new-made honey was there, accompanied by cake and pie, which always grace the New England farmer's table. Saturday night well

be called "food day" with the New Englanders, as a two days' supply is invariably prepared. The family was soon summoned to the well filled table, placing themselves behind the backs of their chairs, while Mr. De Van solemnly invoked a blessing on the children reverentially folded their hands in silence.

During the meal, Mr. D. asked his wife if she knew that Mr. V. had opened a store in the village. She replied, "I was not aware that there was such a person in town till I saw him at church last Sabbath. He is quite a young man, should not think him over thirty."

"He is, indeed, an intelligent man," replied Mr. D., "and he ought to be a good man, friend, Lieutenant Morse, told me that his father was Deacon of the church fifty years."

Affie asked her mamma if she had heard from Mr. Morse's child that was so very sick yesterday.

"It is better, my dear; though I think it will not recover. Mrs. Morse would feel very bad if little Franky should die. I have often heard her say that she was the image of the other little girl she lost. I shall go up and see her before dark."

Willie, a little boy five years old, looked seriously up into his mother's face, "Ma, I thought it was wicked to go visiting Saturday night after sundown."

"It is not wicked to do a work of mercy on the sabbath day. Our blessed Lord, when here on earth, was always ready even on this day to relieve suffering humanity.—Amelia, what day was it that Christ restored the withered hand?"

"It was the last day of the week, mamma, the Jewish Sabbath."

Affie looked inquiringly to her father and said, "I do not see why the Sabbath has been changed to the first day of the week, for the Bible says that God made heaven and earth and sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore, the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."

Mr. De Van was always glad to have Bible questions asked him by his children, and was ready to answer to the best of his ability. "There was no direct command given to change this day. The redemption of man through Christ was considered by the Apostles to be a greater work than the creation of myriads of worlds. It was on the first day of the week that Christ arose from the grave, and can you tell me who was earliest at the Sepulchre?"

The girls both replied, "It was Mary."

Mrs. De Van asked, "Was it Mary, the mother of Jesus, or Mary Magdalene?"

Affie readily answered, "It was Mary Magdalene."

Their supper being finished, they respectfully arose while Mr. D. returned his heartfelt thanks to the Author of every good and perfect gift. During this Willie, a sly little rogue, happened to espy an intruding grasshopper perching itself upon his plate. Willie did not close his eyes as did his parents, his bright black eyes saw everything that was about him. Notwithstanding the reproofs of his sister, as quick as thought he took the poor insect prisoner, placing one of its legs between his pretty lips, looking mischievously at his sister, while the grasshopper performed various evolutions about the mouth and nose of its antagonist. Even Affie

could scarcely control her risibles, but he was sure to loose his hold before the solemn "Amen" was pronounced, and as soon as the closed eyes of his parents were opened he looked as demure as if nothing had happened.

At this moment a hurried rap was given at the door ; it was opened, and Lieutenant Morse entered. Deep anxiety was depicted on his countenance, and without ceremony he requested Mrs. D. to accompany him to his house. The question being asked if Franky was worse, was answered in the affirmative. Mrs. D. was soon seated in the chaise ; they drove rapidly down the descent to the highway, and in a moment were out of sight. Mr. Morse soon drove to his own door, where his friend alighted. Mrs. D. with a noiseless step entered the sick room, where several neighbors were already present. The little

sufferer lay in the arms of its pale and weeping mother, in strong convulsions. This kind-hearted lady advanced and took the child. Captain De Van was not a man that absented himself from scenes of suffering, but taking his hat and cane, walked leisurely down the road that lay upon the banks of the river, which formed a deep bend, where, many years before, the inhabitants of this village had selected the burying-place of their dead. The thoughtful eye of our friend gazed with intense interest upon the richly cultivated fields, while upon the other hand the lofty hills stood out in bold relief, and ever and anon the white rock could be seen peering through the green foliage, that fringed the banks of the beautiful river. The branches of the elm and the box were interwoven, and by its side like a sentinel—

"The lombard poplar stood,
And silver willow gently bowed,
To drink the crystal flood."

Happy indeed is he who can look from "nature up to nature's God. Our friend halted as he came up to the city of the dead, and leaned pensively over the white fence; there he could see engraved upon the white and grey marble, the names of many whose memory was yet dear to him. He repeated almost audibly, "there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid." He thought of the unbroken ranks of his dear family, then offered a silent prayer to that God in whose hand are the issues of life and death, beseeching him to defend from the arrows of death, which were flying thick around them. He saw not the dark cloud that was gathering, nor the bitter cup which he

was soon to drink. It was a pensive hour and a suitable place for such reflections. The birds had sung their evening lays, and all nature was hushed.

The footsteps of a traveller aroused him from his reverie. He soon joined him, and found it was a young man with whom he had a slight acquaintance, who had been to a neighboring village to obtain medical aid for his friend. They were soon at the bedside of the dying child, where they found Mr. Willard and his lady. They did not wait for a formal introduction, but did what they could for the consolation of the afflicted family. Mrs. Willard and Mrs. De Van dressed the corpse in a white muslin robe and laid it away; the little chair and empty cradle were carefully set aside, and Franky's toys were gathered up and laid in the drawer by the weeping

friends. While the two gentlemen who had been strangers but a few moments before, were mutually making arrangements for the funeral, each anxious to do his part on this mournful occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard resolved to spend the night with their new friends, and watch the corpse. After an appropriate prayer by their minister, the Rev. Mr. Bradley, in which he earnestly besought God to temper the winds to the shorn of his flock, Mr. and Mrs. D. walked home.

Mr. D. broke the silence by remarking that he liked the appearance of his new friend very much. Mrs. D. replied that he had shown himself very kind, "but there is one thing that I am sorry to learn of him."

"What is that, Jane?"

"If I have been correctly informed, he has brought into our little village a

quantity of liquors, amounting to several hundred dollars."

"What harm is there in that? He is a gentleman who knows how to dispose of it properly. We have a large farming country around us, and there are several large buildings to be erected this season, and every laboring man you know, my dear, must have it, and our winters are long and cold, and we are subject to influenza. I think Willie would have died last winter, when he had that severe attack, if it had not been for the hot slings and rum sweats which we gave him."

"I know Willie was very sick, but I think that it was other medicines that Dr. Williams gave him that removed the disease. Be this as it may, my husband, one thing is sure, that drunkenness is an acquired habit. If our heavenly Father had approved

of the sale of intoxicating liquor, he would not have said, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness.'

"This isolated text of scripture would prohibit the use of wines, for Noah was made drunk by the juice of the grape."

Mrs. D. modestly said, "I saw in the newspapers a few days since, a short sketch giving the history of the intoxicating properties of the different wines that were used in those days, and should judge from this account that there was a small proportion of the wines in the days of Noah that contained intoxicating properties. And therefore the use of them could not have been as dangerous as it is at the present day."

"You would then, my temperate

Jane, exclude wines on all occasions."

"I would, if it was in my power, rid my country, and especially this little village, from an evil that is calculated to ruin our young men, and to blunt the sensibilities of those who have been hitherto pillars in society."

Our friend had not been in the habit of hearing his wife express herself so freely, and especially upon a subject that he considered of so little importance; there was but one drunkard in town, and he saw no occasion for so much alarm. He was now willing to drop the subject, by asking Mrs. D. if she knew that James Radford went for Dr. Smith. She answered in the affirmative.

CHAPTER II.

THE NIGHT VIGILS.

"There is mourning in the hall,
Where, beneath the snowy pal
Waiting for the hungry grave
Like a lily on the wave,
Sleeps an infant's tiny form,
Now with life no longer warm."

Our good friends had now
their quiet home, where the
their children seated in their
little parlor; Affie was readin
Amelia being her only aud
Willie had been in bed a full h
but he could not say his pray
go to sleep, until he had confes
he had been a naughty bo
his father was saying grace
kindly told him that God wo
give him if he forsook his sins

promised he would not be guilty again of such an act.

The girls observed, as their mother entered the parlor, that she looked pale and weary.

"I am afraid, dear mamma, that you are sick."

"I am not sick, but Franky is dead."

Affie expressed her deep sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Morse. Mr. De Van inquired of Affie what she had been reading.

"Papa, in the fore-part of the evening I read in 'Josephus' the account that he gave of the Jews' seventy years of captivity, but, when you came in, I was reading in 'Baxter's Call to the Unconverted.'"

"I am glad you have been so well employed; it is necessary that all, but especially one like yourself, who has so recently put on Christ by a public

profession, should cultivate a spiritual frame of mind."

A portion of scripture, from the old family bible, was then read, and they bowed together around the family altar; after the thank-offering had ascended, the petitioner for the first time offered up a fervent prayer, that God would stay the tide of intemperance, that was calculated to ruin man; on whom God had stamped His own image; at this prayer, Mrs. D. responded audibly. After the devotions were concluded, Affie was informed that she was to watch, in company with Mr. Radford and Wilhelmina Harris, at Mr. Morse's.

This family did not think it right to lie in bed late on the Sabbath morning; they arose early, as was their custom, and every duty quietly discharged with the utmost promptness, each anxious to keep the Sabbath-day holy.

Affie singing, as she prepared the simple breakfast :

" Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

" The king himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day.
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray."

Mrs. De Van's health would not admit of her accompanying her family to church that day, although it was one of those tranquil mornings, and one might have well sung :

" How calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom,
Weep no more your Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again."

The quietude of the Sabbath was not broken by the report of the hunter's

life ; in Roselle there were no Sabbath-breakers to stroll abroad in pursuit of pleasures, which bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder. Old men and matrons, young men and maidens, were seen on this day, as they were on all Sabbath-days, quietly wending their way up to the sanctuary, where they listened to the word with becoming solemnity.

The De Van family returned home after church, each one appearing anxious to communicate as much of the sermon as was possible to their mother. Amelia repeated the text, which was in Matt. xi. 28 ; " Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden ; and I will give you rest ; take my yoke upon you and learn of me ; I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Mrs. D. seemed pleased to find her children so anxious to make her sabbath at home not only pleasant but profitable. As soon as it was sundown Affie gathered a beautiful bouquet from her choice flowers to carry to her afflicted friends ; as they received it from her hands—Mrs. Morse remarked to her husband, “ In this selection, volumes are expressed ; I will take this white rose and place it on Franky’s breast, for she is indeed silent in death.” Mr. M. said, “ My dear, she is not silent in Heaven.” Mrs. M. replied—“ I have thought much of the sabbath that never ends, where are now our angel babes before the Throne of him who has said, in His sacred Word, “ Except ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven.” I desire to acquiesce in what my heavenly Father has done. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.”

Here the grief of Mrs. Morse checked her utterance. They mingled tears in silence, while little Frank hid his face in his mother's bosom and sobbed aloud.

"I cannot, mamma, have Frank buried in the ground where Laura was."

The weeping mother assured the sobbing child that God had need of him and if he was a good boy that he would meet them in heaven. Mr. and the young ladies spent the afternoon in reading and conversing on subjects befitting the place.

Mr. R.'s buoyant spirits were checked by Miss D. so that he did not presume to joke. Dr. Williams, who had for some time paid especial attention to her, formed the young ladies that he had engaged himself to become the father of Mr. Willard.

Affie seriously said, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Mr. R. frankly replied, "I admire the frankness with which you defend your religion; but I do not see as I shall be any more exposed to lose my own soul there, than in any other employment, and I think upon the whole, I shall have more time to solve your problem, than I should have if I worked at my trade."

"You will there no doubt encounter more formidable temptations than you would if you followed your former occupation; you will be constantly in the society of those that are habitually drinkers."

The color mounted to the young man's cheek, and with unusual firmness he said, "I see that you are fearful that I shall become intemperate, but I am able to keep myself."

Affie timidly said, "No man is his own keeper, and let him that thinks he standeth take heed lest he fall. James, I shall pray for you, that you may be kept from the fowler's snare."

Affie was astonished at her own decision, for a few months before she would not for the world have opposed her young friend. But now she was not afraid to defend that truth wherewith Christ had made her free. She appreciated the pearl of great price which she had earnestly sought and obtained—she desired others to drink from the well of salvation which was in her soul—a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

The purple morn broke in the distant east, and the night vigils of the faithful watchers were now over; and they returned home conscious that they had been mutually benefited.

In the afternoon the funeral ser-

vices were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bradley, who selected these words from Mark v. 39—"She is not dead, but sleepeth." His remarks upon the death and resurrection of the body, and the reunion of the soul with the body in the morning of the resurrection, were calculated in the highest degree to afford consolation to the lacerated hearts of the afflicted mourners.

Their dead was now buried out of their sight; and they returned accompanied by several of their friends, among whom was Colonel Bertram, who had been a faithful friend of Lieutenant Morse. His parents were among the early settlers of Roselle. They were a wealthy family. Colonel Bertram had for many years resided south, where he married a lady of fortune. His objections to "slavery," even at this early period, induced him

to return to his favorite Roselle. Mrs. Bertram was a native of New England, and rejoiced with her husband to be again fanned by the mountain breeze, and to drink from the pure waters that make glad the heart of the wanderer. She readily connected herself with the little church, and adorned the doctrines of her profession, as we shall see, by a well ordered life and godly conversation. Her husband was a man of the world, possessing many virtues as a husband, a gentleman, and friend. Being a military man, Lieutenant Morse and himself were kindred spirits.

He had purchased a beautiful location near his friend on the opposite side of the river, where he had erected a superb mansion, in which he had displayed much taste, not only in its architecture, but in the embellishments of its ample fore-grounds. H

had selected a choice collection of shrubbery congenial with that climate.

Mrs. Morse, in her lonely hours, was glad of such a friend as Mrs. Bertram. They engaged not in the idle gossip of the neighborhood; they read and conversed together upon those subjects which were calculated to elevate the mind and enrich the soul. The influence and responsibility of parents, especially mothers, was often the subject of their conversation. Mrs. B. had but one son, whose name we shall call Walter. He was at this time but two years old, but the reader will do well to bear him in mind.

In one of Mrs. Morse's interviews with her friend, she informed her that she had just returned from Capt. De Van's. She remarked that Mrs. D. was failing. Mrs. B. assured her friend that if she had known of her illness,

she should have called on her before, "but I left town the day that Dr. Williams was married to Miss Harris, and did not return till this morning."

"The Dr. was there this morning when I called; he invited Affie and Mr. Radford to call on them. I think Affie possesses a mind above Mr. R., though he is an industrious young man."

Mrs. B. inquired if Affie entertained any scruples in regard to marrying an unprofessor.

"She is very conscientious, but I think she has not given that a thought. He is in the employment of Mr. Willard."

Mrs. D. had failed rapidly during the day, and now no hope was entertained of her recovery; she was aware of her approaching dissolution, and was calm, for all her trust was stayed on God.

After committing her husband and

children to the hands of God, her sainted spirit left the church militant to pass through "the dark valley and shadow of death," when she joined the church triumphant. The new tomb was now opened, and the remains of one that was dear to many were laid therein. The weeping willow was planted by her side, where, to this day, its drooping branches can be seen. The soft zephyrs of evening whisper low, amidst its rich foliage, as if afraid to disturb the deep slumbers of the peaceful sleepers.

This spot became the favorite retreat of Affie and her father. At twilight's pensive hours they there mingled their tears together. Unadmired by them, now rolled that beautiful river, that looked like a sheet of burnished silver beneath the full-orbed moon. Autumn with its golden robes had come—the lofty hills and spread-

ing plains had laid aside their rich verdure, while the neighboring groves were clothed in purple and gold. They were no longer made vocal by nature's songsters, and silence held its reign. The gentle breezes of summer had ceased to kiss the slumbering flowers, while autumn's rude blast tossed them to and fro till they fell from their tiny stems. Affie often repeated, when in company with Mr. Radford :

" See the autumn's tempest rising,
Makes the lofty forest nod—
Scenes in nature, how surprising,
Read in nature, nature's God."

Mr. Radford had at this time left Mr. Willard's, and set up business for himself. Mr. Willard still continued in the mercantile business, and was highly esteemed by his patrons, not only for his honor in trade, but as an intelligent man ; he was a strong poli-

tician, and was a constant contributor to political papers published in a neighboring town; liberal, even to a fault, in his principles; his bottle always stood upon his counter; he was never indebted to his neighbors for a treat; he always gave his friends a hearty shake of the hand, and "I am glad to see you, sir," accompanied by a well timed joke, that seemed to spring spontaneously from his nature. His store was the general resort of the villagers, for they knew they would meet with a warm reception, or if they wanted a dram and had not the ready "change," or were too penurious to pay the "three cents, or sixpence," by getting the start of Mr. Willard in wit, the full bumpers would be liberally dealt out to them. When the farmer came to market his produce, if he had ridden a few miles in the cold, or the day was excessively warm, our friend had

always conveniences in his store to make a hot toddy, so that he might go home saying "he was the best man that Roselle afforded."

Mr. Morse, after a man had fallen from his wagon, and broken both of his legs, in consequence of drinking too much of Mr. W.'s toddy, remonstrated with his friend, and told him the misfortune of this man was the consequence of his misguided liberality. Mr. W. expressed many regrets, saying, as was his custom on such occasions, "I had no malice at heart, I will go immediately and see him." He took with him such things as he thought the poor man would need, and did not forget to put in the jug of brandy. As he set it into his carriage he soliloquized, "No one will object to this, it is just what the poor fellow needs."

Mr. Willard was not only liberal

with his brandy and wines, but was always ready to take from his well filled purse, and give to the poor. He was not a miser—he hoarded not his gold for the sake of counting his rusty coffers.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

“Hoof-torn, and sabre-scarred, they rest,
Fathers, and sons, and brothers.”

AFTER several years of successful trade, Mr. Willard closed his business, and moved to Champlain. James Radford bought the store of his former employer, and purchased in New York a large assortment of goods, which he in a few months, by his peculiar tact in trade, was enabled to

dispose of at a large profit to his numerous customers. At this time James Radford had been married to Affie De Van about fifteen years. Mrs. Radford had four interesting sons, whom she was endeavoring to teach, as she had been taught, to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth." The training of her sons devolved principally upon herself. Her husband was kind, but was indeed a man of the world; his mind was full set upon becoming the richest man in town, and he was fast attaining his object. He was adding farm to farm each in a state of high cultivation; that his numerous flocks and abundant harvests, together with the property in his store, one less avaricious man might have been satisfied with. He had reached further than had now in full blast the large tillery in the state. There were

that mourned when they saw the smoke of that pit, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, sending up its dark columns, mingling its impure vapors with the pure air of that pleasant village.

About this time Mrs. Radford was called to pay the last tribute of respect to her aged father, who died with a broken heart. William De Van, the only brother of Mrs. Radford, first became the clerk and then the partner of his brother-in-law. The temptation being constantly before him, he became the victim of intemperance, and while under the influence of alcohol, he was induced by a wicked companion that he had met in a distant city while on business, to pass counterfeit money to the amount of several thousand dollars. He was obliged to flee his country to escape the penalty of the laws. When, the news was brought to his father, he

sank back in his chair and died instantly.

William De Van was a child of many prayers. With such an example and such teaching, we might have expected better things of him, but he had looked upon the wine when it was red, and its delusive charms had allured him from the paths of virtue. If he had boldly withstood the tempter in his first assault, he would not have become his victim, or a disgraced outlaw.

Mrs. Morse was like an elder sister or mother to Mrs. Radford, who had known but little of what the world calls adversity till now. She appreciated the sympathy of her friends, who saw in the distant horizon of the future a dark cloud arising. She knew that the husband of her friend was daily increasing in wealth. He had just laid the foundation for a splendid mansion, and now his whole soul seem-

ed absorbed in its completion, so he had but little time to sympathize with his wife. He would have been indignant if any one had told him that he did not love her—he designed to, and thought he did, devotedly. He romped with his children when in the house or yard, and praised his tea and coffee, and declared that she was the best cook in New England. Sometimes, when he thought of it, he would ask about her meetings.

“When I get our new house done,” he would say, “and other business arranged, I shall attend church with you occasionally. I suppose you have forgotten the problem you gave me to solve, long, long ago.”

Mrs. Radford looked inquiringly.

“Why, when we were watching with friend Morse’s child.”

“One promise,” said she, “I made you that night, which I have always kept.”

"Yes, yes," he answered hurriedly, "I know that the prayer of the righteous availeth much. My good old mother used to pray a great deal for me, and I suppose that is what makes me such a pious man."

Mrs. Radford was about to answer, but wishing to change the subject he asked, "Did you know, Affie, that Lieutenant Morse returned yesterday?"

"I have not heard of it, but how is his health, and what is the decision of the council?"

"He is no better, and the physicians did not agree as to the cause of his disease."

"If it were I, I should be more discouraged than he is. He is spending all his loose property in traveling and paying physicians; this little village would sustain a greater loss than it ever has yet, should

he be taken away. I suppose you think, Affie, that our loss would prove his gain."

"I certainly do, for he has sought an interest in the blood of that Saviour that has made him an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ to an inheritance which is uncorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. When the earthly house of his tabernacle shall fail, he has a building not made with hands eternal in the heavens, upon which the eye of his faith seems steadfastly fixed."

Mr. Radford said, "I think he may yet recover; I hope he will live till I get our new house done, so that he can see what a fine appearance it will make. I can bring water from the spring yonder, so that we can have a fountain playing night and day in our front yard. I obtain-



ed a draught for it when I was in New York last. I tell you what it is, Affie, Switzerland does not afford a more delightful spot for a building than we have over here. I wish our friend Morse, instead of paying out a hundred to enlarge his library, had taken it to build a piazza; it would improve the looks of his house very much. He had books enough before, he has more books than I should read and understand, if I should live to be as old as Methusaleh. I intend to get a few nice volumes, when we get into our new house."

Mrs. Radford was almost a silent listener, occasionally giving him a sorrowful smile; as her husband took his hat and hurriedly left the house, she murmured low, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." She called

her children together and prayed with them, earnestly beseeching God that they might be led to seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and also saved from becoming blinded by the God of this world. After her family devotions, which she never neglected, were concluded, she called upon Mrs. Morse, accompanied by her two younger children. As she entered the yard, the three young Morses ran to meet her. George, Alpheus, and Odora were their names, There were also the three Bertrams, Walter, Josephine, and David.

The children had just been listening to an oration delivered by Theodore Williams, a bold, fine looking lad, who had been perched upon a stool in the centre of the yard. Josephine, as she walked up the path beside Mrs. Radford, pointed to the flowers and said, "Theodore reads these as he

would a book, and he has repeated to us almost the entire oration that was delivered the fourth of last July. I don't believe that brother Walter could say a word of it, and I do not know that poor David knows that there was a fourth of July."

Mrs. Radford entered the room, leading little Odora by the hand. Josephine had woven a beautiful wreath and placed it upon Odora's head, which delighted her so that her dark eyes were brighter than ever. She clambered upon her papa's knee, made a great display of her flowers, and jabbered so fast, that he had scarce opportunity to greet the ladies as they entered. He related the particulars of his recent journey, remarking that if he lived and his health would permit of it, he should visit the Medical Society at M. the coming winter. " 'But to live is Christ, to die is gain.'

I have been convinced for several months that what my hands find to do, I must do with my might ; for my days are numbered."

The solemn and anxious looks of those present did not escape Odora's notice ; she clasped her little hand each side her father's face, kissing him again and again, " You are sick, papa ; smell this pretty rose, it will cure you."

The fond father patted her, and set her upon the floor. She ran away, and was soon skipping and playing with the other children. At this time a gentle tap was heard at the door, and an aged lady, a mother in Israel, entered ; every one in this family was made glad whenever they were blessed with a visit from grandma Graham.

Mrs. Radford was much pleased that she was so fortunate as to meet



her dear friend; she had o
blessed, and her spiritual st
newed in her society. Mrs. l
unusually sad, and whenever
hazel eyes, full of tenderne
upon her husband, a shade pe
her countenance, a half-suppr
escaped her anxious bosom.
old lady observed this, and sp
of comfort such as these:
that trust in the Lord sh
Mount Zion. He has pro
hear his children in the da
trouble." She repeated a v
her favorite hymn:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of t
Is laid for your faith in his excellen
What more could he say than to you
You who to his bosom for refuge ha

The old lady, in lower &
subdued tones, continued:

"When through the deep waters I g
The rivers of sorrow shall not over

For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

As she sat in the rocking-chair by the window, the wind had blown back her fine muslin border, which was full a finger deep—her silver locks were combed smoothly over her high but furrowed forehead. As she conversed upon spiritual subjects her countenance became radiant with hope. As the two ladies retired, Colonel Bertram entered.

"I am glad to see you home again, Lieutenant. I hope your journey has not been in vain; I am particularly anxious that you should get well, for if reports are true we shall need the services of all our officers."

The Lieutenant calmly replied, "I hope the Government of Great Britain and that of the United States will honorably settle their differences, so that there will be no need of officers or men."

Colonel Bertram answered, "There is but little prospect of such an adjustment of affairs. War is already declared between the two nations. Naval preparations are being made as fast as possible. I was on Commodore McDonough's sloop yesterday,—it is to be launched to-morrow; there is a small party going down to dine with the Commodore. I hope you and your lady will be among the number."

He told his friend that if he was able to ride, he would be in attendance. The two gentlemen spent the evening conversing upon the affairs of the nation; party politics were no longer agitated. Colonel Bertram was anxious that his friend should accept a Captain's commission, which had been offered him. The Lieutenant assured him, that his health would not admit of his accepting it.

The dinner party found the Commodore well qualified to entertain his guests. The question was asked him, when he thought the British would make their attack. He answered, "There is no doubt but that it will be on the Sabbath; this has been the day they have chosen on other occasions; they are a Christian nation, and I know not why they should choose this day in preference to any other, unless it is because they think that we will be less prepared. It would be unjust to judge the English by the officers that are sent here as the avengers of their imagined wrongs; they often assume a proud arrogance that seems not to be characteristic of the nation."

Mr. Graham, a revolutionary soldier, and for several months the Aide-de-camp of General Washington, remarked, that he had heard his Com-

mander-in-chief say, "that he never transacted business with more courteous gentlemen than those employed by the British Government."

The aged veteran entertained the company by relating incidents connected with the revolution. As he spoke of the battle at Bunker's Hill, his youth seemed to return again; he arose hastily from the table, laid his cane upon his shoulder, to the no small amusement of the party, and with an elastic step promenaded the deck, assuring the Commodore that he should bear arms at Plattsburgh.

The party returned home satisfied with the day's excursion. Roselle probably was never in so great an excitement at this time. War, war, was talked of in every family, newspapers sold and eagerly read, so that they were well acquainted with every move of the Government. The long

for day of battle came. The booming of the distant cannon was heard by the villagers of Roselle.

Lieutenant Morse, in company with several of his friends, started that morning with a load of provisions such as he thought would be suitable for the suffering and wounded. Soon after the victory was obtained, he was upon the battle field, administering to the necessities of distressed humanity, without respect to rank or age. The dying officers and the wounded soldiers blessed him, as he kindly raised their heads and bathed their fevered brows. He endeavored to console them by pointing them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. He continued his errand of mercy till he fainted upon the field. He was borne to a neighboring house by his friends, where he remained unconscious for several hours.

Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Gr. not spend the time in idleness but in fervent and importunate prayer for their country's victory but for the salvation of those who were being launched into battle. They wept over the horrors of war and those that were being left as widows and orphans. Their business transacted in the evening. The young people climbed to the highest clefts of the rock where they might hear the cannonading distinctly. It might well be that Rachel wept for her children; not be comforted because they were dead.

Colonel Bertram had been engaged in his country's service. Upon hearing from his friend he came immediately by his side. A look over his pale and exhausted face said, "You should not have been here; you were too weak."

"Duty called, and I obeyed," said the sick man.

He was then placed in an easy carriage, and conveyed to his own home, where he suffered for several weeks, after which he so far recovered as to be enabled to visit the then celebrated Dr. Huntington, who plainly told him that there was scarcely a chance for hope; his disease was such as to require a surgical operation. He gave such directions to his patient as were necessary. The Doctor, as he folded a billet, without raising his eyes soliloquized; "Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with Thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass, turn from him that he may rest till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his days."

And as he handed the note which he had just written to the invalid,

continued:—"Yes, there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease."

As Lieutenant Morse took leave of his medical friend, he said, "If a man die, shall he live again? All my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

CHAPTER IV.

THE VICTORY.

"Our Eagle mounts on Freedom's wings,
And shouts 'The victory won,'
Her golden plumes reflect the light
Of patriotic sons."

At this time, the village of
presented a scene of festivity
The glorious news of nation

was heralded from city to city, and every village and hamlet was loud in their demonstrations of joy; every house was illuminated, and long processions composed of men and boys, could be seen each with hands lifted high, bearing the lighted torch, mingling its brilliant light with the still more brilliant fire-bavin that blazed upon every hill-top.

Our nation lifted up its voice in one long, loud pæan of praise—its echo finding a kindred echo in every heart. The huzzahs of a free people who had valiantly defended their nation's rights fell upon the ear of Lieutenant Morse as he slowly journeyed homeward. He looked with interest upon the stars and stripes of his country, and rejoiced in the prospect that his beloved America would yet stand first among the nations of the earth.

The vast territories peopled with every nation, kindred, and tongue, were mapped out upon the mind of the weary traveller, who was glad the time had come, when the spear should be beat into the pruning-hook, and the sword into the ploughshare, and that the husbandman would not again be called to leave his husbandry to fight the battles of his country. He thought to himself, "The God of nations has watched over us and given us victories unparalleled in the annals of history; and a halo of glory encircles the names of those who have led forth our armies from conquering to conquest. The banner of liberty is still unfurled, and we are free from the oppressions of those who would force upon us the galling yoke of despotism." At this period much time was spent in conversing upon the fables. Anecdotes were related and list

to with increased interest, by aged veterans imbued with the spirit of seventy-six; among whom, was Mr. Graham, the favorite of the neighborhood. Young men and boys were alike entertained, as he related to them the incident of Lord Howe writing to General Washington, and directing his letter to "Mr. Washington," which the General returned unopened, saying, that "he was not addressed in his public capacity, and as an individual he would hold no intercourse with the enemies of his country." Theodore Williams said, "If General Arnold had possessed such high-toned principles, he would not have proved traitor to his country, and the life of André would have been saved." "General Washington, my boy, did all in his power to save his life. André was one of the finest officers that I ever saw. At that

time I was 'Aide' of the General, and accompanied him when he visited the unfortunate prisoner. Letters were written him from the American officers expressing their deep sympathy in his behalf. Every means was taken which the usages of war would admit of, to induce the British to exchange the heartless traitor that they had in their possession for Major André."

Several times the old gentleman, he related the above, wiped the bidden tear from his furrowed cheek.

Theodore asked his aged informant if Arnold was a temperate man?

"In the early part of his military career he was, but afterwards he came reckless and dissipated; was the cause of his final ruin. had been temperate, as his commander-in-chief was, his name might have been inscribed with honor upon

nation's history. I tell you, Theodore, men of usefulness have been slain by thousands, men of strong, gigantic intellect, have recklessly torn from their own brows laurels that they have won, plunging themselves and their families into irretrievable infamy ; and before the fires of yonder distillery are extinguished, hundreds of this little village, that numbers only two thousand, will fill a drunkard's grave. Twenty years ago there was not an inebriate that walked our streets, but how different now ; this engine of destruction is daily increasing the number of widows and orphans."

The interview between Mr. Graham and his young friend was interrupted by the entrance of Colonel Bertram. He inquired after the health of Lieutenant Morse. Being informed that he was not as well as usual, he expressed his regrets that the accident

of yesterday was communicated to him.

"He was sitting by the window as the mutilated body was carried by on a shutter, which so affected him, that he fainted, and has not been able to sit up since," said Mr. Graham.

"This is not the first accident which has happened in consequence of Radford's rum."

"It was not rum, it was cider brandy, some of his own manufacture. If I was Radford, I should rather live in a shanty than to live in his splendid mansion he talks so much about, and have that the price of blood. I thought when Stumbleton and his two children were burned to death, that Radford would be a little more careful to whom he sold his liquor; but if I can get the money, it is evident he regardless of the consequences."

The two gentlemen walked t

house of their friend, where they found Dr. Williams seated by the bedside of his pale and emaciated patient. Several weeks elapsed before he recovered from the shock he received. Mrs. Morse watched her husband unceasingly, anticipating all his wants—she listened in tearful silence, as he talked with composure of his approaching dissolution. As she kissed the almost transparent lips of her husband, he said, "I would be glad, Carry, if you could converse with me upon the subject of death more calmly."

Her tears were her only reply. At this moment Odora entered the room; she approached the bed cautiously, and kissed the pale hand of her father as he extended it to her; turning to her weeping mother, she said, "Do not cry, mamma, papa is better; when he laid his hand on my head to bless me, he said all is

well; and will he not get well?" The attention of the child was soon diverted, and the parents were again alone.

Mr. Morse continued, "Carry, when I am dead, I wish you, my dear, to write to Mr. Marteneau, and tell him that it was my request that he should take George as an apprentice. He is one in whom I have confidence. You had better keep Alpheus with you, and in our dear little Odora you will be blessed. I have endeavored to arrange my business so as to lighten in a measure the settling of my estate; you will have grace given you to endure with patience the loneliness of your widowhood. You will soon be called upon to test the immutability of God's promises. 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' He has promised to be 'a father to the fatherless

the widow's God,' and into 'his hands I commit you.'"

This memorable interview was interrupted by the announcement of Mr. Willard, who had heard of the sickness of his friend, and hastened to pay him his last visit.

The two gentlemen had been separated for several years. Mr. Morse was glad of this opportunity to exhort and warn his friend to seek an interest in the blood of that atonement which had made him an "heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ, to an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Mr. Willard had passed through trials during the interval of his absence, but these he scarcely referred to. He was then living with his second wife—his hopes for future happiness seemed concentrated upon his only son, Ashbel, who was scarce a year old: cir-

circumstances made the responsibility of the father, unsustained by grace, without a parallel. The two gentlemen talked of the past and future, while one stood upon the verge of eternity, looking through the almost transparent veil that separated him from that celestial city through whose pearly gates he soon expected to pass, to possess that reward, that is laid up for those who have "come up through great tribulations, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"—where the sun would not smite by day nor the moon by night, where the glorious effulgence that burst from the face of the Lamb made radiant the mansion that Christ had gone to prepare for him. The other endowed with the richest gifts of nature, misapplying them, neglecting to obey God's great command, to seek first the kingdom of heaven and ;

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righteousness, that he might claim the immutable promise, that all things should be added thereunto. He saw in his horizon a dark portentous cloud. Before the two friends parted, the invalid requested to be bolstered up in his bed; he opened his Bible, which lay constantly by his side, and read Romans xii. After making some appropriate remarks on the scriptures he had just read, Mr. Willard then kneeled by the bedside, while the dying man poured out his soul to God in fervent prayer for him from whom he was soon to be separated. As he arose from his knees, and took the hands that had been raised while in prayer, he said emphatically, "My inmost soul envies you; your path is that of the righteous, growing brighter and brighter up to the perfect day; but I am in the broad road that leads to destruction. I shall be left to call upon the

rocks and mountains to fall upon me and hide me from the face of Him who now sits at the right hand of the Father. He has called me, but I have refused to obey;" grasping the hands still closer, with utterance choked with emotion, he continued, "Pray for me, pray for me, farewell, farewell."

At this he hurried from the room, and sprang into his carriage and was soon out of sight. Mr. Willard had a long drive before him, but he resolved to reach home before he slept. It was a beautiful afternoon in June, nature was adorned with her richest robes. As the traveller gazed upon the lofty hills over which the distant mountains cast their venerable, shades looking gravely down into the deep valleys, meet Flora's milder gaze as she opened finely painted lids, he thought trees wore a livelier green, and t'

roses exhaled a sweeter perfume than they were wont. He exclaimed: "Nature is indeed an inexhaustible storehouse; her treasures, how rich—her dominions are as yet unexplored." The sun was sinking beneath the distant horizon. As Mr. Willard was descending a long hill he espied upon an opposite one, a carriage containing several persons; on approaching it, found it was the Rev. Mr. Bradley and his son; the lady was introduced to him as Mrs. Bradley, the daughter of Mr. De Van. "Is it possible that this can be Amelia? I am just returning from Roselle. I spent several hours with Mrs. Radford, they are getting along very nicely."

"Is Lieutenant Morse still alive?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"Yes, but his work is almost done. Did you call at my Hotel as you crossed the ferry?"

"We did, and your family were well
—were they not, Amelia?"

"The little boy was quite sick."
"Sick indeed! who was taking care
of him?" asked the agitated father.

"I think it was the hired girl that
was holding him. She told me that
his mother had lain down." "Lain
down," he bitterly repeated, "Fare-
well, friends, call whenever you come
to Champlain." Striking his horse
furiously, he dashed by them, and the
sound of his vehicle was lost in the
distance.

Mr. Bradley, turning to his children,
said, "What a strange piece of com-
position, everything of the man seems
blended in his character; he is a star
of no small magnitude, but he is no
moving in his own orbit."

The son answered, "It is evident
from his appearance that he is
governed by the laws of gravitation."

"I should judge him a shooting star by the hasty leave he took of us," said Amelia. "His appearance confirms the reports I have heard, that his home is not his paradise. I read a short time since an article from his pen, upon the 'Fall of Man and his banishment from Eden.' Milton has scarce bettered it."

Amelia asked her father if Mr. Willard still continued the traffic of intoxicating liquor. "If he does, others will have to write upon his fall."

"Yes, Amelia, he still continues it. I design, as soon as circumstances will permit, to deliver a course of lectures on the evils of intemperance, and I hope you, Charles, will take up the same subject, when you return to the people of your parish."

"This duty, dear father, I have already discharged, notwithstanding I

position. I believe the
ed and blessed my labors.
y parishioners refused to
y my salary. Amelia
have resolved to abstain
om the use of wines, save
mental purposes."
, my children, you are en-
ead of me."

y, father, Amelia has been en-
n organizing a Temperance So-
among the ladies. She has met
a good deal of opposition, but I
ce that she is willing to have her
e cast out as evil in the cause,
uch we consider so immediately
ected with the cause of Christ.
as she has adopted are con-
robbing them of
question

"It certainly looks like signing away our liberty."

"I think when we get to brother Radford's we shall have something to do."

"Well, my children, you will find you have a hard case to deal with, for your brother-in-law is blinded by the God of this world ; he only thinks of the best way of making money, regardless of consequences. He is as inaccessible to argument as persuasion."

Amelia inquired if James was the only one in this business. She was informed that Colonel Bertram had opened a large hotel and also a store, in each of these he had a bar splendidly decorated, and rendered attractive in every possible way. Mrs. Bradley sighed, and said, "I should not have thought this gentleman would have resorted to measures so

disreputable as this." The Rev. father looked astonished, and said, the Colonel would not prosecute a business which the law did not fully sanction.

"He employs his son as bar-keeper—he is a wild fellow, but a correct business man."

Charles inquired if it was Walter that he had reference to.

"Yes, it is Walter, but he is as true as his father."

"It hardly seems possible, for he is a little boy when we left."

"I think he must be large of his he is a head taller than Theodore liams or George Morse. Theodore chosen the profession of me George is to learn a trade—his has made arrangements to this he will not leave home while he lives."

Mr. Bradley informed hi

of the improvements that had been made in Roselle during their absence, describing to them their new church, telling his daughter that the ladies, by their united efforts, had furnished it. "They are trying to get a communion set. Sister Radford informed me of this, in her last letter. I read it to a few of our sisters, and they resolved to aid them by sending those that we have formerly used; they cost about forty dollars, and are none the worse for being used. I have also a set of cords and tassels for the curtains. Two of our good sisters called on me the morning before I left B., and handed me fifteen dollars to assist you in getting your lamps."

Tears of gratitude filled the father's eyes.

"Thank you, my daughter; you have found it more blessed to give than to receive."

They were now within a half hour's drive of Roselle. Every object was becoming familiar to Charles and Amelia; the mountains, hills, groves, valley, meadows, and green pastures reminded them of other days.

"Do look, Charles, and see that field of green corn yonder; it looks just as it did when we left here eleven years ago; and look on that side hill too, see that flock of sheep. I should think for all the world that it was the same flock that I used to help Julia Mason drive into the yard when I was a little girl, and that black-cherry tree—I have climbed to the top of it hundreds of times, and that old butter-nut tree, too, that stands by it, I have gathered butter-nuts there till my hands were as black as a chimney-sweep's."

They had now reached the top of the hill that overlooked the entire village, and halted a moment that they

might gaze undisturbed upon the Eden of their childhood. The air was exhilarating to the weary travellers, for they had long been pent up in a dense city, and the ministerial duties of the young Mr. Bradley had been too numerous to admit of spending his summers in the country, as is the usual custom of the city clergy. The cause of Christ lay too near his heart for him to indulge in inglorious ease, while the lambs of his flock required his unceasing attention.

CHAPTER V.

BLIGHTED HOPE.

"The gloomy future bears
No promise for to-morrow ;
The taste of bitter tears
Is the sole bread of sorrow."--*Ellis Lewis.*

How different were the feelings of the Bradley party, as they descended the long hill that introduced them to one of the loveliest villages in New England, from those of the unhappy Willard, from whom they had been separated for a few hours. They had found the ways of virtue the ways of pleasantness, that all her paths were paths of peace ; and their minds were as free from clouds as the ethereal arch above them, and as pure as the light that was poured from the silver lamps with which it was adorned.

They had ridden some distance in silence, each having a world within themselves, in which they were busily engaged. Amelia, aroused from a holy reverie, repeated :

“ When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him.”

Charles continued, “ Who coverest thyself with light, as with a garment ; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain ; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters ; who maketh the clouds his chariot ; who walketh upon the wings of the wind ; who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire ; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.”

There had a holy admiration diffused

itself in each soul, and unfolded to them worlds, and systems of worlds, each containing an inexhaustible store-house, and each sufficiently accessible to call into action towering intellects, and where every order of mind will move harmoniously in its own sphere. They had each made the word of God their study; as the astronomer looks through his telescope and views the distant planets, so they used the word of God, which not only enabled them to look into the upper sanctuary, but unfolded its unfailing truths to their scientific minds; and was an unerring lens through which they could look with unsullied joy upon the vast machinery of art, and the untiring wheels of science.

The same cloudless sky and the same jewelled lamps that were lighting the Bradleys to their home, were shedding their silver light upon the

tated Willard, who urged his spirited steed on, and still on, tossing in his chaise from side to side, as the wheels struck the rolling stones that lay in his way. The road was hilly, and often very rocky; but the unhappy man was unmindful of this. His brow darkened as he muttered to himself, "Lain down, and the hired girl holding him; it can't be possible that Joe has given up the keys to her, for I charged him to keep the cellar and bar locked, for I knew that she would raise the devil with us all, if she got into either."

Mr. Willard had married his wife on a very short acquaintance. Her family had been wealthy—she had gone the giddy rounds of fashionable life—was intelligent and very fine looking—she had shone with brilliancy in the circles where she had been caressed and ruined—and had acquired a habit of intemperance, not only from her

father's sideboard, but in the gay party where she had reigned a bright, particular star. The now Mrs. Willard, during the years of her widowhood, had resided with the family of her brother-in-law; her extravagance and intemperance had rendered her a burden to him, insomuch that he was ready to negotiate with friend or foe, who would rid him of one whose very presence had become loathsome. This gentleman, being an acquaintance of Mr. Willard, lost no time in recommending his sister-in-law to him. He visited her immediately, and was pleased with her appearance, even more than pleased—he was charmed. The brother and sister wanted everything made sure as soon as possible; they well knew that it was impossible to keep Laura's faults behind the curtain long. By cunning management, in less than a week, Mrs. Stillstiver

became Mrs. Willard. In two years we find her sleeping soundly in a state of intoxication, her only child sick, and left to the care of strangers.

It was long after midnight when Mr. Willard reached his home; he entered the house cautiously, and lost no time in making his way to the nursery, where he found the idol of his heart lying in his beautiful cradle in a disturbed sleep. He examined his head carefully, and discovering there were strong indications of congestion, ordered ice-water to be freely used; on finding his little feet very cold, he had draughts applied; the watcher could not prevail upon him to lie down, he was constantly over and around the child, shedding bitter tears—the better portion of his nature was called into action. A few hours before he was the indignant husband, but now the weeping father, with a soul

as tender and gentle as that of a woman. In the morning Ashbel's symptoms were more favorable, inso-much that he returned his father's caresses with a smile of recognition.

When Ashbel's mother entered the room late in the morning, she seemed not a little surprised to find her husband present.

"You must have drove all night, Mr. Willard, to have got home so soon."

He answered, "After I heard Ashbel was sick I drove very fast."

"How did you hear?" inquired Mrs. Willard, somewhat surprised.

"The Rev. Mr. Bradley informed me of his sickness."

"I was not aware that they had been here."

A shade of indignation passed over the face of the husband, who said,

"Our child is very sick, and needs the best of care."

"Dr. Spencer was here yesterday."

Mr. Willard asked his wife if she did not think best to send for Dr. Livingston.

"Why my husband, Dr. Spencer has always attended Ashbel, and I think he understands his constitution better than a stranger would."

"That may be so, to be sure, but I tell you, Laura, I am distressed, I think our boy will die—if he does, I hope I shall go too."

"You always talk and think just so if anything ails Ashbel; I should think he was the very life-spring of your existence."

"You may well think so, for you know that he is the only one in God's universe that loves me."

"Why, my dear, I love you."

"Well if you do, go and fix your-

self up before the Doctor g here."

Mrs. Willard had lost much of self-respect, and to the annoyance her husband, paid very little attent to her personal appearance.

Dr. Spencer entered the sick room at this time. "Ha ha, you have home again, neighbor! I should think that you had been out on a spree, and drawn through an auger-hole; you had better go out into the bar-room, and take a glass of brandy, and you will look twenty-five per cent. better bowing as gracefully as his awkwardness would admit of, to Mrs. Willard."

"Curse the brandy, I wish I had never heard of it. It will prove the ruin of us all; but for heaven's sake don't fire another artillery before you look at your patient," said Mr. Willard.

The Dr., seating himself beside the child, took into one of his hands the

dear little wrist, while with the other he picked his eyelashes.

"Ashbel is easier than he was yesterday;" turning to the table where he had deposited his valise, he proceeded to deal out medicine.

Mr. Willard, observing the large portions that he was dealing out, said, "I should think those were large enough for an adult; he is a weak little fellow, and cannot bear much."

The Doctor half angrily replied, "I think, neighbor, you had better produce your diploma before you dictate to me in my profession."

"Pardon me, Doctor, I had no malice at heart."

"Malice or not malice, you owe me a treat, for not boxing your ears for your saucy."

"Well, well, walk into the bar-room, I'll pay that debt."

As the Doctor was about to take

leave of the sick room, he to Mrs. Willard, "I think I had better prescribe for you before I think that a sling well nutted will do you good," casting a glance at the hired girl, as he said.

Mrs. Willard affected a severe cold and said with some hesitation, "I took cold yesterday, and I think a black strap would remove this swelling in my throat, and perhaps the soreness across me."

As they left the room, the doctor growled to himself, "Black strap give you *black strap*, but it should be made of cowhide, if you want to cure your wife."

Mr. Willard, not understanding the doctor's remark, said, "Come along, old girl, and get your treat," handing her a bottle of brandy. As he was handing his glass almost to running over, Willard exclaimed, "Hold on,

get so drunk that you will not be able to come, if I send for you, before Dr. Livingston gets here."

"Sent for Livingston, eh? Well, send for him, and he be d——d for all that I care."

Mr. Willard asked Joe, as he came up, "How is Blitz this morning?"

"Oh, he is so stiff that he can hardly move, I have been rubbing him these four hours."

"What time was it when you left Roselle yesterday?"

"I don't know exactly, but about three o'clock."

"And got here before two; pretty hard drive that, ten miles an hour, and eleven in succession; that is too bad, Mr. Willard, Blitz will never get over that."

Joe looked down and continued, "I am sorry, sorry."

"Joe, I am sorry too, but that is a small part of my sorrow."

"I know that, Mr. Willard; how is our little pet this morning?"

"In reality he is no better, I must go to him. But by the way, did Bob take Doll when he went for the Doctor?"

"Yes, and it is time he was back. She is fleet as a bird—it don't take long to go eight miles with her."

"Joe, did you give Mrs. Willard the keys while I was gone?"

"Certainly not."

"Do you know where she got what she drank yesterday?"

"I suppose I do. Agnes told me."

He hesitated, and seemed unwilling to tell.

"Well, Joe, what did Agnes tell you?"

"Why she said, that she actually drank the rum that was used to wet bub's head in."

Mr. Willard turned away in disgust,

groaning to himself, "Has it come to this, has it come to this?"

With as much composure as possible, he returned, where he watched the changing countenance of his child, and began to think that Bob was gone a great while. At length Agnes told him that Bob had come, and that the Doctor was not at home, and would not return till next day. But he left word for him to come as soon as possible. The tears of the father fell fast; he knew that the disease was settling in his head. The mother wept several times through the day. Agnes said it was because she could not get her "bitters;" but the husband and father did not think so. It is not easy to destroy the last vestige of confidence in one that we are desirous of loving. Mr. Willard pitied her; he knew that the appetite she had acquired held her in a most cruel

bondage. He saw that the luxuriant springs of her nature dried up, he still hoped they live again. When he looked at bloodshot eye and bloated face asked himself again and again,--

"And will the mother a monster prove,
And fill a drunkard's grave?
Oh, lend thine aid, Almighty God,
There's none but thee can save."

Mrs. Willard had for several days during the day urged her husband to lie down, but he was incorrigible and waited anxiously for the Doctor's arrival. At length, becoming alarmed, she sent for Dr. Spencer. After he had been gone long enough to return, Bob told Mr. Willard that the Doctor had been in the house nearly all day.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"
"Tell him to come in immediately," Bob said.

tinently replied. "He is as drunk as a dog—dead drunk; and I took him as I would a dog, three hours ago, and dragged him in the back room, so that there needn't anybody see him. I should think by the noise that he has made the last half-hour, that he thought the day of reckoning was at hand, by the way he has cast up his accounts. I'll be bound if I don't be thrown over-board before I'll clean up after him."

Mr. Willard's heart sank within him as he closed the door upon his informant. Again he bent over the little sufferer, and shed more bitter tears than he ever shed before. He said, without raising his eyes, "Laura and Agnes, we must do all we can for him, as we cannot obtain medical aid."

He was soon laid in a warm bath, his convulsions ceased, and symptoms of consciousness appeared; his extre-

mities were rolled in flannel, and cold applications were applied to the head. As his mother handed him his drink, he opened his eyes and smiled. Agnes in a flood of tears exclaimed, "He knows us, he knows us—he hasn't looked so much like himself before, to-day."

Everything was done for the child that kindness could invent. Agnes more than once during the evening went to her little room and knelt down and asked God to bless the means that were being used for the restoration of the child. Mrs. Willard appeared more like a mother than she had ever seen her before, and for this she endeavored to return thanks. She resolved to watch with him during the night, though she was very much fatigued. But her sufferings were always forgotten when she saw that she could be useful. Hearing an unusual noise

in the bar-room, she hastened down and called Joe to the hall, and told him that the house must be kept quiet, for Ashbel's life depended upon it.

"I thought he was better," said Joe.

"His symptoms are, but he is so weak."

"Well, Agnes, I will do all I can to keep the house still, but that is not much!"

"Joe, will you tell me what that noise was that I heard just now?"

"I suppose I can, if that will be any satisfaction to you."

"No particular satisfaction, only I hope the like will not be heard again," said Agnes, turning to leave him.

"Agnes, don't be in a hurry. I don't think Mr. Willard knows much what is going on in his house. Dr. Spencer has been so that he couldn't navigate all day, and he is a particular favorite of Mrs. Willard's; if he hadn't

been, I should have sent him adrift before this."

"You shouldn't mind that, Joe, she is only a cipher in her family."

"A cipher, she is less than a cipher."

"Well, Joe, I hope she will do better; she has appeared better to-day than I have ever seen her; I hope she will reform."

"Your faith is stronger than mine you walk by faith and I by sight. Just give her a chance to get at the cellar or bar, and then see if she wouldn't make as much noise in meeting the floor as the Doctor has."

"Why do you give it to him, then?"

"I hav'n't given him a drop to-day, Willard made him drunk this morning the first thing; and he has been sitting for the last half hour looking more like an ourang-outang than

a doctor. And Christie, not much better off than himself, has been poking all sorts of fun at him, and at last has poked him over with a glass of fourth-proof brandy; you may depend, Agnes, he would not have got it if I had thought he was going to give it to the Doc. There was half a pint of it, and he had only just swallowed it when he fell his whole length upon the floor. Bob and I took him up and laid him on the settee, and put an old cushion under his head, and I guess he will sleep till morning."

"Well, Joe, get the house still as soon as possible."

"Don't worry, there shall be no more noise to-night; but you look pale and sick, Agnes, you had better go to bed."

"Not to-night, Joe, for Ashbel needs a great deal of care."

Agnes returned to the room, and

found the child in a sweet sleep Willard was by the table and the mother had fallen asleep in her chair. When she awoke she sent her husband to lie down; he consented, after looking at his watch finding that it was near one. and the mother were left alone with the child. Mrs. Willard's element during the day and night done much to establish herself confidence of her husband and They had drawn the cradle to a large open window, where Mrs. Willard had seated herself, enjoying quietude of the house as she looked upon the waters of the lake were spread out before her; resolved in her own heart to rid herself of the restraint and gratify her insatiable appetite. She had, in accomplishing this; her husband in a sound sleep. "But how shall

pose of Agnes ! She watches me every step I take." She laid plan after plan, but in her own judgment she was thwarted. She had now hit upon the right one ; her eyes flashed with fiendish pleasure. She arose and went to Agnes, laid her hand kindly upon her head and said, "How pale you look, Aggy ; you are ill, are you not ?"

"Oh, no ! Mrs. Willard, I am only weary."

"I wish you would lie down, I can take care of Ashbel."

"It will be too much for you—I will sit with you."

"Then I will make a julep ; which will you have, Aggy, lemon, winter-green, or mint ?"

"I will take the mint if you please, and I would like it pretty sweet."

Going to the table, she prepared two glasses, and added to Agnes a strong decoction of opium. She said,

as she handed the glass to
 "We shall both be the better fi
 ing it."

The unsuspecting girl dr
 most of it without tasting;
 the glass from her lips she said
 Willard, I was not aware th
 was so bitter."

"Mine is a little bitter, but i
 good; you had better drink a

Agnes did so, and ate the sug
 the bottom. Mrs. Willard sea
 self by the window, waiting tl
 of her infernal deed; as she
 showed that it was effectual.

that it was impossible for her
 nurse to keep awake, and aga
 to her, patted her playfully
 cheek, "Come, dearest, you
 down, you will fall out of you
 let me lead you to your bed."

stupidified, yielded to the entre
 suffered the monster to almo

her to an adjoining room, where she lay till late the next morning in a state of unconsciousness. Mrs. Willard, being left to herself, stealthily took from the pocket of her husband the key of the bar. She lost no time in unlocking the magazine of ~~shots~~, taking from the ~~shelf~~ a large casketer well filled, and returned to the side of her babe and commenced her ~~de-~~hance.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INEBRIATE WIFE.

JEREMIAH sinks beneath misfortune's blow,
 And here forsakes his breast;
 His boasted powers are all laid low,
 His strength is swallowed up in woe,
 When not by woman blest,"

F. J. Waters.

THE sky, that had been clear the forepart of that memorable night, had suddenly become overcast, and the fair face of the moon was veiled in a drapery of gloom; and the distant thunder told of an approaching storm. By the red glare of the lightning, the pale face of the sufferer could be seen, as he lay near the open casement. The midnight lamp remained untrimmed, shedding a sickly light upon a scene that baffled description. Mrs.

Willard continued to drink till she was too much intoxicated to attend to the wants of her suffering child ; he was often disturbed by her clumsy hands rummaging about for she knew not what. Emptying her glass again, she sank back in her chair, and was insensible to what passed around her. The rain was now pouring in torrents, a strong wind was blowing in at the window, carrying in large drops which fell upon the cradle, until the thick blankets were wet through and through.

The inebriate finally lost her equilibrium, and fell heavily upon the floor. The noise awoke Mr. Willard, who rushed from his room. For a moment he stood horror-stricken at the scene before him ; his wife made an attempt to rise by seizing upon the edge of the cradle. Before the distracted father could reach the cradle, it was turned

over. He sprang forward, took the child in his arms, and with one blow he sent his wife to the floor, to all appearance lifeless; for a moment silence reigned unbroken save by the death rattle of the child. Joe and Bob hurried to the scene of suffering. They were frightened by the maniac glare of Mr. Willard, as, grating his teeth, he ordered them to take the monster out of his sight. ~~She~~ ~~was~~ immediately borne to another part of the house. Mr. Willard continued to pace the apartment with his dying child folded tight to his bosom, and was deaf to all entreaties. His deep groans and distorted features told of the dreadful tempest within. At length Dr. Livingston came as he had been requested. Alighting from his sulky, he met several gentlemen coming out of the house. The Doctor bade them a polite "good morning," adding,

"I did not expect to meet so many of you at this early hour." One of them told him that they had been called to hold an inquest over the body of Dr. Spencer. The astonished Dr. started back.

"What was your verdict?"

"Died in consequence of intemperance."

Joe led the way to a scene still more ~~gripping~~. The Doctor entered the room unobserved by the bewildered father, who was still walking up and down with long unmeasured strides, folding close to his heart the lifeless body of his child. The Dr. turned pale as the sepulchral voice repeated, "Darling, you are not dead—you will not die." It was some minutes before Dr. Livingston had strength of nerve to speak to him. Laying his hand upon his shoulders, he endeavored to call back the mind that had wandered

in a labyrinth of thought unaided reason. He seated him in a low arm chair, and took from him the body of his child which for the two hours he had folded convulsed to his bosom. Dr. Livingston, observing strong symptoms of brain-fever; bleeding him copiously, he ordered a large blister upon the neck, he watched him closely through the night, allowing no one to enter the room but his nurse.

The body of Dr. Spencer was carried to his own house. Preparations for Ashbel's funeral were made. Ashbel and Joe were faithful to perform the duty that devolved upon them.

Agnes was unable to do anything about the house till late in the afternoon. She then found enough to do. Mrs. Willard did not insult any one with her presence. When Agnes inquired of Bob for her, he said

was alive, but it was a pity she had not died instead of Blitz; "for, she is not worth three hundred dollars, and that is what Mr. Willard paid for him, less than a week ago."

"Oh, Bob, Mrs. Willard has sent to be saved or lost."

"Don't talk to me of her soul; she drowned that long ago."

Mr. Willard so far recovered, that they ventured to ask him why he would have to preach the funeral sermon; he was unable to make a reply, for the first time since the cruel tragedy his burning heart found relief in tears. He was confined to his room for several weeks, and during this time no reference was made to his wife or child.

The Rev. Charles Bradley, as he journeyed home, called at the hotel of his unfortunate friend. He endeavored to administer to him that

consolation that the world cannot give. He saw that the wound he had received, was deep, but he assured him, "That there was a Balm in Gilead, and a Physician there, and that Christ was an high Priest, that would be touched with the feelings of his infirmities."

The bereaved sufferer listened in tearful silence.

The faithful man of God continued, "Jesus Christ came not into this world to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. 'Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow—though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'"

Mr. Bradley said, "I would advise you to close your bar as soon as possible, and discontinue the use of ardent spirits in any form, and add to thy knowledge, temperance. 'They shall receive the reward of unrighteousness

that count it pleasure to riot in the day time; spots they are, and blemishes; sporting themselves with their own deceivings.' Decision of character sir, is what you need, and without it you are lost, lost for ever."

"I am lost already; the last tie that bound me to earth is severed, and what have I to live for now?"

"You have everything to live for, sir; live that you may add to your knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity, and with this combination of virtues, you will be enabled through grace to live the life of the righteous; and at last to come off conqueror, yea, more than conqueror, through Jesus Christ, whose pity and forgiveness are commensurate with your repentance."

"Mr. Bradley, I have no objection to your theology, and your reasoning ought to commend itself to the judgment of every reflecting mind. I have long since learned from the word of God, that the happiness of two worlds must be derived from a cheerful acquiescence in the truth which is alone calculated to elevate and sanctify our fallen natures. I have found the way of the transgressor hard; it has blighted my future prospects, and rendered my own existence loathsome. When I met you on your way to Roselle, I had something to live for; my expectations had failed in one; but in another I had hoped to more than realize them; man appoints, but God disappoints."

"Mr. Willard, in the general acceptance of that, it is true, 'therefore, saith the Lord; behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone,

a precious corner stone, a sure foundation; he that belongeth shall not make haste.—You see, sir, that the worldly expectations of the righteous and the unrighteous are alike cut off.

“ ‘The little a righteous man hath is better than the riches of money.’

“ ‘He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.’

“ ‘He that loveth wine and oil, shall not be rich.’

“I would not, my friend, be a prophet of evil to you, but if you continue your present business, your riches will take to themselves wings and fly away; and God hath declared, ‘that judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place.’ I have prolonged this interview with you, sir, beyond my expectations, but I leave the result in the

hands of one who is able to bring light out of darkness, I shall be able to get my people in the city of Boston better prepared to labor for the cause of temperance, than when I first resolved in Roselle to be engaged in this work."

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley had been more than once wept over the idea that this evil had already taken root in their native village.

On the evening of their arrival in Roselle, they had gazed with admiration upon its quiet beauty, which had for years thought and tallied as it was in the days of their childhood.

As the carriage rolled along the most deserted streets, they were struck by the clear light of the crescent moon, that time had wrought its changes upon many an old familiar wall. The elder Mr. Bradley turned

horse into the avenue that led to his own door; the tall cedars that overshadowed them, waved their luxuriant branches, welcoming them to the quietude of their happy home.

The eyes of Charles filled with tears as he thought of his then sainted mother, whose blessing and smile had so often greeted him, as he had returned from his boyish sports, or the arduous duties of a student; but a grateful resignation filled his heart as he thanked God for blessing him with a praying mother.

As he entered the house, his eyes fell upon objects still more familiar. Late as it was, he could not retire until he had gone from room to room; everything seemed just as it did when he was a boy. He told Amelia, that he heartily rejoiced in New England's stereotyped mode of house-keeping.

On entering his former study, they

f and his old slate hanging upon wall where he had placed it e years before, and a sentence w u, on it by himself was still legib

Amelia read without any tre
 "He that loveth father or m
 more than Me, is not worthy of

"Amelia, read the sentence r
 it. My dear mother wrote it wit
 own hand."

"Go ye into all the world,
 preach the Gospel; how bea
 upon the mountains are the sa
 those that bring glad tidings!"

"Amelia, these words to me
 been and are yet, like 'Apples of
 in pictures of silver.'"

There was one spot sacred to
 he had not as yet visited—tha
 his mother's room.

His father led the way to it—
 hung his mother's portrait at full
 with her mild blue eyes looking

upon them, with all their wonted loveliness. Mr. Bradley continued to weep over the portrait of his mother, until his father reminded him of the lateness of the hour. With hearts of gratitude, they bowed together around the family altar, and thanked God for his persevering care, after singing,

"Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace."

They ascended the old stair-case that led to their room. Wearied as they were with their long journey, the past and the present were alike forgotten.

They arose early next morning, and after a thorough reconnoitre of the old homestead, observing and admiring every improvement that had been made during their absence, the

carriage was brought to the door, and they drove to the house of Mr. Radford, who received them with his usual bland welcome; while the two sisters mingled in silence their tears and caresses.

Mrs. Bradley had many incidents of interest to tell her sister, who had as many to relate in return—what interested one interested the other. Their brother William was in all their thoughts, but they ventured not this day to mention his name.

Mr. Radford busied himself with driving from farm to farm, accompanied by his brother-in-law, and telling him how many thousand dollars paid for this or that piece of ground, congratulating himself upon his 'luck' as he called it, to foreclose the mortgage before the owner was able to redeem it, by saying, "I was so but was obliged to oust them,

I could not have my money lay idle."

Mr. Bradley sighed as he saw several familiar farm-houses tenanted by strangers. As they neared the village, he discovered a dense smoke in a remote part of it, and inquired of Mr. Radford what it was; he informed him that it was the smoke from his distillery: "And whether you believe it or not, that brings me in more cash than all my landed property. But I suppose you would have some misgivings of conscience about this affair."

"My conscience would not allow me to have anything to do with it, and God will bring you to judgment for this. 'What profiteth a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.'"

"Oh, pskaw! Affie has jingled that in my ears ever since I laid the foundation to that distillery. Yes, she pitch-

ed the time before we were married ; but she has not found me a very tractable scholar. She gave me that very same problem to solve almost the first time I ever saw her. As you have more time, and are a better mathematician than myself, I will make a transfer of it to you, ; you will have time during this and Sunday, to study it all out ; you will no doubt have the blessed privilege of preaching in our new church before you leave town."

Mr. Bradley gravely said, "I consider it a blessed privilege to preach the Gospel, which Christ came into the world to establish, teaching men to do unto others as they would have others do to them, commanding them to love their neighbors as themselves. These principles adopted and practised would check the tide of intemperance, and rend the dark veil of selfishness that covers your heart, which keeps you

from seeing the woes that you are causing others to feel. If the evil servant shall say in his heart, 'My Lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken; the Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware, and shall cut him asunder and appoint him his portion with hypocrites, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'"

"Well, brother Bradley, I have heard that before, for old Mr. Graham and Lieutenant Morse have been for the last five years throwing bomb-shells into my encampment, charged with just such passages of Scripture as you have just repeated. But I manage to keep out of their way as much as possible; but when Theodore Williams comes squibbing about, I

try to give him back as good as he sends. He had the impudence to tell me a few days ago, that he had hardened his neck or heart, I don't know which 'twas, for it was all the same to me, only one is a little higher than the other, should be destroyed, and that without remedy. He is a smart fellow, but I don't like him, he meddles with that which is none of his business."

"Mr. Radford, you probably think that all who talk to you on this subject do the same."

"Well, I generally let folks talk as they please, and I do as I have a mind to. If I did not manufacture the article, somebody else would. Col. Bertram is as deep in the mud as I am in the mire; he retails as much or more than I do; and Walter tends his bar in spite of his wife or Josephine. He has in his hotel a

pretty good tenant by the name of Swinton. Walter boards at home, so that he can be under his mother's eye a little more. I am told that he already draws pretty hard upon his father's purse-strings, and I think he will still harder, if he keeps on as he commenced; it is necessary to hold him with a close rein, but the Colonel is very indulgent. Shall we call at Lieutenant Morse's?"

"Not until to-morrow; what little girls are those just outside the gate?"

"The one with the pink sun-bonnet is Florence Bertram, the other is Odora Morse. Odora is the idol of her father and mother. Poor child! she will soon be left without a father, but she will always find friends."

Mr. Bradley said, "God has promised to be a father to the fatherless, this promise will be fulfilled."

Mrs. Radford had waited tea a full half hour, when the gentlemen arrived. As soon as the cloth was removed, Mr. Radford proposed a walk to his new house; the two sisters were soon bonneted and on their way. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley admired the location; the building was indeed superb one, no pains or expense had been spared in its architecture.

Mrs. Bradley asked her sister what boys those were playing ball opposite them. Mrs. Radford told her that they were Theodore Williams, George Morse, and Walter Bertram.

"Why, I thought they were met from what I had heard of them."

"Walter thinks he is, since his father has taken him from school and placed him in the hotel; tall as he is he is not seventeen."

"Dear Affie, I am astonished at Col. Bertram pursuing such a course

and I should think it would break Mrs. Bertram's heart."

"She does feel very badly; but Walter does not attend to his studies, their motives were good in taking him out; and his father's were no doubt good in making him his bar-keeper. Mr. Swinton does most of the business, but Walter has the credit; he is simply employed in the compounding of slings and punch."

"Oh, Affie, he is in the direct road to ruin!"

"I am convinced of that, Amelia, and I think his mother has fearful apprehensions, but she will do all in her power to counteract the influence. They talk of sending him away to school, but unless there is a change in him, it will be useless. He takes as much pride in showing the key of the bar, which he carries, as Theodore does in reciting his Greek and Latin,

or as George in discharging the duties which devolve upon him in consequence of his father's sickness. George is one of the best boys to his parents. He is often on his feet from morning till night; when he is not, he is engaged in posting his father's books. Look at him, Amelia, for you can see that he looks pale and care-worn; different entirely from the other two."

"How long is it, Affie, since Mr. Morse lost his health?"

"It will be two years next month. He patiently kisses the rod and the hand that appoints it. He has for a long time appeared entirely weaned from this world, waiting for his master to say, come up higher. I have visited him during his illness, and have always been spiritually benefited. His sick room is the vestibule of heaven."

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEPARTED.

"We laid him in his quiet grave,
A rural, soft retreat ;
And turned our faces from the spot
With slow, unwilling feet ;
We raised no graven monument
Above his humble sod—
My father was 'an honest man,
The noblest work of God !' "—*R. Coe.*

ON their return home, Mrs. Bradley inquired for her early friend, Julia Mason, then Mrs. Forsythe.

"She returned to us last August in a confirmed consumption, brought on by her unceasing labors and exposure among the Indians of the North-West, where she and her husband were sent as missionaries. Two of the natives became so attached to them that they could not be induced to be left be-

hind ; they, therefore, came here with them and remained till after her death in November. She, indeed, went forth weeping, bearing precious seed ; afterwards returned rejoicing, bringing her sheaves with her."

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, accompanied by their sister, called upon their sick friend. He was unable to converse with them, but a holy smile lit up his countenance ; while his friends were standing around his bed, he beckoned his children to his bedside. Laying his hand on their heads, he pointed up, silently invoking a blessing for the last time for them ; then took the hand of Mrs. Morse, pressing it to his lips, uttered an audible "farewell," lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, and, without a struggle, fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

Friends gathered around the bereaved family, each anxious to give

some expression of love for the deceased, and their sympathy for the bereaved. On the funeral occasion, Mr. Morse's military friends paid that respect which was due an officer worthy of their highest trust. The procession which was formed at the church, to follow him to his final resting-place, was half a mile in length. At this time there was assembled a larger concourse of people in Roselle than had ever assembled on any other occasion. Mrs. Morse felt deeply the loneliness of her widowhood, she rested entirely upon the promises of God who saith, "I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me."

Mrs. Morse, in a few months after the death of her husband, according to agreement, sent George to a distant part of the state to learn a trade, leaving her fatherless child to the care of Him who had promised to protect him.

George kept a journal, and sent it to his mother monthly; by this she was enabled to correct and encourage him when she thought it necessary; and he was kept informed of everything of interest that came under his mother's observation. A few months before the time of his apprenticeship expired, his mother wrote the particulars relative to Mr. Radford's death, informing him also that Colonel Bertram had, two years before, built a distillery about a mile from the village. The circumstances connected with Mr. Radford's death were of the most aggravating character. One year

before the time above-mentioned, he made an attempt to destroy his own life by taking poison. He arose early in the morning, as was his custom, and walked over to his store and drank what he designed to be his last draught, and returned immediately to his house, and told Mrs. Radford, on entering, that he should be dead in less than an hour, and also what he had done. Dr. Williams was immediately sent for, who administered medicines to counteract the poison, proving, in part, effectual in its operations, but a continuation of suffering was the lot of the poor inebriate.

He afterwards accomplished his design by opening the jugular vein. In the character of Mrs. Radford, when passing through this trial, the sustaining grace of God was manifested. When she entered the room where her suicidal husband sat, he gave her

a sign of recognition! No shriek of horror escaped her lips; pale and trembling she knelt by his side and continued to agonize before God in prayer, filling her mouth with argument, urging her suit with confidence until the wearied spirit took its flight. Every eye was filled with tears but hers.

" Her lifted eyes without a tear
The gathering storm could see;
Her steadfast heart, it knew no fear,
That heart was fixed on Thee."

Incidents similar to this brought the public mind to realize the necessity of doing something immediately to check the evil with which they were being overwhelmed. Amid the opposition of prejudiced minds a Temperance Society was formed; Dr. Theodore Williams was their President. He labored faithfully with Walter Bertram,

and at length succeeded in obtaining his "pledge."

Colonel Bertram gave up the manufacture and sale of alcohol, and did what he could to repair the evil that he had been the means of bringing upon society. Josephine did all that was in her power to divert the mind of her brother from his former associates. Dr. Williams did what he could to assist her, and success seemed about to crown their efforts,—Walter unexpectedly broke his pledge, threw off the restraint of home, and resolved to go south. He told his determination to his sister; she wept and entreated. He was blind to one, and deaf to the other. When Josephine communicated to her father and mother Walter's intention, they settled upon him several thousand dollars, hoping that this would be an inducement for him to stay at home; but in

this they were disappointed. As soon as possible he made arrangements to leave for the South, where he could drink from the cup of pleasure unmingled by the tears of Josephine, and undisturbed by thy prayers and sighs of his mother.

Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Radford often visited the Bertram family in their affliction. Mrs. Radford read a letter in one of her visits to Mrs. Bertram from her sister Amelia. The contents cannot be uninteresting to the reader; I therefore insert it:

“DEAR SISTER:—It is with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that I write you. Both are alike designed for our spiritual good; but I must not fill up my sheet with preliminaries, for I have facts to communicate which are of more importance. A few days ago, in one of my missionary rambles, I was directed by a friend to call on the wife

of an inebriate who had been confined for a long time to her wretched apartments by sickness. I discovered at once that she was intelligent, and had seen better days.

"I endeavored gently to draw from her something of her former history. She was reserved, and did not seem disposed to speak of it. I forbore inquiring for her husband. Before leaving, I read and prayed with her. I put my hand to my purse, and was about to take from it a small sum; meeting at the same time her mild dignified eye, I resolved to send it, thinking we both should be less embarrassed. On taking my leave of her she politely invited me to call again. I told her that I should be happy to continue my acquaintance. She smiled while the tears came to her eyes. As early as possible, the next day I was at the bedside of my new

friend. She was alone, excepting the nurse which I had sent her the evening before. She seemed more willing to converse, and I ventured to inquire for her husband. She told me that he had been absent for several days.

" 'On business, I suppose,' said I.

" 'Perhaps so,' she answered, but colored deeply.

" I asked how long they had resided in B——. She said 'about five years.' I found that her husband was out of business, and she had labored incessantly to obtain a livelihood, until she could no longer endure the strong tide of grief that had been a long time preying upon her. She had loved her husband devotedly, and was still unwilling to have a shadow of blame rest upon him.

" As I was about leaving the house I met her husband at the door. His coat and pantaloons were ragged an

soiled. As my eyes met his, my heart sank within me ; he looked embarrassed, and passed by without speaking. Before I got home I missed my pocket-handkerchief. I retraced my steps and re-entered the door unobserved, and overheard Mr. Gilbert ask his wife who I was ; being informed, he said he was sorry I had found where they lived.

“‘I have tried to keep out of their sight ever since we moved here.’

“‘I don’t see why you should do so, they are good people. Did you ever know them?’

“‘When I lived in Roselle I was acquainted with Mrs. Bradley.’

“‘I wish, my dear, you would renew your acquaintance.’

“‘No, never ; I would be glad to forget them if that were possible ; I have ruined you and myself. I have resolved a thousand times in my heart

to reform, and you know, Lida, that I have three times taken the pledge, and have broken it. It is impossible for me to reform while the temptation is before me; if there was a law to prohibit the sale, there would be some chance for a man to reform, but as it is, it is impossible.'

"During this I had been sitting on a stool in the hall, as curious to listen as I was unwilling to disturb; during their conversation, my thoughts returned to the scenes of our childhood and youth, for there was something in the dark eye of that stranger, that I had just passed, and of whose veiled history I had obtained an outline, which awakened a train of strange suspicion that had never before been awakened on any similar occasion. I had seen poverty stretching out her bony arms, and the poor inebriate clothed in rags. I have heard the cry

of the famished child, and witnessed the tears of the heart-broken mother. I had seen the bloated and drunken husband stagger thoughtlessly by the lifeless remains of his murdered wife—all this without thinking that it was possible that I should ever meet our dear brother. It was not easy for me to do that which I did, leave the house and seek my own home, without an explanation. I related the above to my husband, who proposed to accompany me to the house of the invalid. We called the next day, hoping to find Mr. Gilbert in. Biddy, the nurse, said that he had been absent several hours; we found Mrs. Gilbert not as well as she was the day before. She had a high fever, and her cough had increased. I inquired of Biddy the cause; she said, 'this is rent-day, and they have no means of paying.'

"Mr. Gilbert did not rest during the

night. He has gone to seek work; their landlord was here early this morning, and threatened to set everything out of doors, if the rent was not settled before night.

"Mrs. Gilbert was taken with a heavy chill while she was here, and has been growing worse ever since. Just before you came in she took from her bosom this gold locket, containing the likenesses of her father and mother, and wished me to leave it at the pawnbroker's. She kissed it so many times before she could give it up, and said, 'Must I part with this last relic of happier days!' " When I took it from her hands she raised a large quantity of blood, and it was as much as I could do to keep the breath of life in her.

"Biddy's tears said plainly that if she had the money, this treasure should not be taken from the sufferer.

"I handed her a sum sufficient to defray the demand, and directed her to return the locket to the owner. She did as she was bid.

"On re-entering the room, the eyes of the patient sufferer were closed; one of her pale lady-like hands was raised in a devotional attitude. With a noiseless step I drew near, and waited until she opened her eyes; they rested upon me, beaming with holy gratitude. It was evident she looked beyond the frail instrument, to the Great Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift.—She was too weak to converse.

"We left a note requesting Mr. Gilbert to call on his return home; as our invitation was not accepted, we visited his house that evening, and found him too much intoxicated to converse intelligently upon any subject. He lay upon a bench in the

kitchen, muttering to himself, 'William De Van has come to this.' Lida, the wife of our dear brother William, suffered a few days, and then bade 'farewell' to this sin-cursed earth, and her pure spirit returned to the God who gave it.

"William is now with us; we are doing, and shall continue to do all in our power, for his spiritual and temporal good; he has consented to again take the pledge. His judgment is convinced that 'wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoso is deceived thereby, is not wise.'

"Pray, dear sister, that his appetite, which has become a tyrant, may be conquered. From your affectionate sister, AMELIA."

The ladies listened with the deepest interest to the reading of Mrs. Radford's letter. Each had had in their turn the wormwood and the gall

mingled in the cup of their blessing; this had taught them to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice.

While the ladies were thus engaged in Mrs. Bertram's parlor, a scene of interest was transpiring outside. As Odora and Florence were sporting upon the lawn, chasing their hoops with the elasticity of youth, with hearts as pure as the evening breeze, that tossed without compliment the flowing ringlets of Odora, as she bounded forward to outrun her more frail companion; she stopped suddenly and exclaimed, "Dear, dear Flory, how beautiful, how beautiful, look yonder!"

"Where, Odora, shall I look?"

"Over to the church," pointing in that direction.

"Odora, I do not see anything that is so beautiful,—what is it?"

"Do not see anything! The sun's

rays cause those gothic windows to look like one broad sheet of burnished gold, and the fluttering of that silver leaf poplar forms the richest prisms I have ever seen ; the leaves must still be wet from the recent showers, for there could not be such a rich combination of colors without them."

As the girls stood admiring that which no eye can look upon with indifference, unless the heart is veiled in selfishness, they were unexpectedly greeted by their pastor, Mr. Bradley. He was pleased to see the silent but intelligent gaze of both the girls ; he asked Odora what it reminded her of. "Of Heaven," she modestly replied.

"Why does it remind you of Heaven, Odora ?"

"I do not know, Mr. Bradley, unless it is because the Revelator speaks of the streets being paved with gold ; and I should think the sun's rays

upon them would look something like the scene before us."

"My child, do you think the material sun lights up the city of the New Jerusalem?"

"No, sir, the Lamb of God shall be the light thereof."

"Odora, does it say anything of the light of the material sun?"

"I think, Mr. Bradley, it says something like this, 'the sun shall not shine by day, nor the moon by night;' mamma told me the other day that the time would come when the righteous should shine as the sun in the kingdom of his Father's glory."

"Odora, God has said, that 'he would be a sun and a shield to the righteous; and no good thing would he withhold from those that walk uprightly.' Do you believe this, Odora?"

With downcast eyes she answered, "Yea."

"My dear Odora, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I think I do."

"Why do you love him?"

"Because he first loved me."

Tears of gratitude ran down the cheeks of the aged pastor, as he repeated,

"Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The trembling sinner may return."

He walked away. The attention of the two girls was soon diverted, by sounds unlike that which they had just been listening to. On looking across the street they saw several boys of the lower class hedging up the way of poor David Bertram, as he was returning from the post-office ; they had thrown handfuls of dirt into his face until he could scarcely see to go, tripping him up as he turned to make

s escape; a tall over-grown boy with a red face and inflamed eyes struck the sufferer as he was about to gain his feet, saying in a rough coarse voice, "Defend yourself, or I will keep you here till night." Odora quick as thought rushed into their midst and commanded them to desist, with so much dignity that the brutal man stood abashed. She stooped down, and with the help of Florence assisted David to arise from the ground on which he was sitting; and with their kerchiefs they brushed off the dirt as well as they could from his fine broadcloth.

Florence was sobbing aloud; while Odora indignantly told the boys that they ought to be ashamed to insult and abuse one that was entirely unable to defend himself.

"He is a fool," retorted one.

"If he is," answered Odora, "he is

wise enough not to return evil for evil, a knowledge which teaches him not to degrade and demean himself as you have done on this occasion."

The tall red-faced boy said sneeringly, "I had a hen crow this morning and I killed her, and I think her spirit has entered Miss Odora Morse, the queen of Roselle."

Odora, still maintaining her dignity, said, "John Windsor, I fear that you are in the broad road that leads to destruction."

A little boy affirmed what Odora said, by telling her that John had been down to Col. Bertram's distillery, and had found an old barrel containing a quart of cider-brandy, and had drunk freely of it himself, and given the others all that they would take. Odora heard with astonishment, and resolved that if her teacher would let her select her next subject

for composition she would write upon the "Evils of Intemperance."

As Florence and Odora led David away, Florence asked her brother, "Why he did not try to get away from those wicked boys?"

"I did try."

"I should have thought you would have struck them back again."

"That would have been wicked, Flory; Jesus didn't strike when the wicked men struck him."

"I don't know but they would have killed you, if we had not come and helped you."

"The wicked men killed Jesus too!"

~~The girls went~~ all the way home. The intellect of David had been injured when a child, and his health so much impaired that they seldom allowed him to go out alone. He sometimes went to the post-office when there was no one else to go, as

he had on this occasion; he was kind and affectionate in his disposition, and so conscientious, that he always chose rather to suffer wrong than do wrong. Josephine had taught him to read some; he was constantly in the society of his mother and sister, and they had been permitted to see that the Scriptures were so plain, "that the way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein." David entered the house with his mouth partly open, and handed his mother a letter, saying at the same time, "I hope, dear mamma, that it is from Walter." Mrs. Bertram did not doubt this as her eye fell upon the post-mark. Walter informed his mother that he was about going into business, and hoped she would not be anxious about him. "The circle which I now move in, is a respectable one. Tell Joe, if she makes up her

I to take up the practice of medi-
that I hope she will be success-
I shall return in about two
s."

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

THE FOREBODINGS.

"If shadows track our earthly way,
To press the spirit's lightness,
Heaven can clothe the darkest day
In evening's golden brightness."

T. A. WORRAL.

COL. BERTRAM was seated by the table busily engaged in reading a letter that David had handed him. When he laid it aside, Mrs. Bertram handed Walter's letter to him; he sighed, and said it would be a long two years before he would return. "But I suppose we may as well hope for the best. The letter I have just received is from Champlain; our old friend Mr. Willard has thought of us again, but it is evident from the contents, that

there are others whom he thinks still more of; he has been a widower several years."

Mrs. Bertram said she should think he would be afraid to marry again, as he was so unfortunate in his last wife.

"Matilda, he is on the right track now, if he can gain the prize."

"My dear, what prize has he in view?"

"It is no less than our dear Mrs. Morse."

After a few moments' silence, Mrs. Bertram said, "That would never answer."

"I know, Matilda, there is a difference between the former character of Mr. Willard and that of Lieutenant Morse, but I am credibly informed that there is a thorough change in Mr. Willard; he looks entirely different from what he did seven years ago."

"When did you see him?"

"The last time I went to Montreal, I met him, he told me that after the death of his wife, which happened about four months after that of his child, that he rented his hotel, and moved upon a farm; he spoke in high commendations of the Rev. Charles Bradley, and said that his last interview with him had proved a great blessing; he has just informed me that he has corresponded with Mrs. Morse."

"And you think, Matilda, it wont answer at all?"

"I do not know, I am sure; I know that Mrs. Morse is very anxious to educate Odora, and Alpheus needs a father."

Mr. Bertram inquired if Alpheus was not a good boy?

"His disposition is selfish and stubborn."

"Does Mr. Willard wish you to negotiate for him?"

"It is pretty near that; he wishes me to speak a good word for him, and I think I shall."

"Why, Matilda, he is worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and what a home that will make for her and her family."

"Mr. Bertram, Mrs. Morse will never have a pleasanter home than she has now; throw back the curtain behind you, and look out at the window."

"We do have a fine view of the cottage from this window, but those beautiful shade trees, those full blown roses, nor that luxuriant brier, that has climbed to the eaves of the house, will not educate her children, nor support her in her old age."

"I see, my husband, that you are fully in favor of Mrs. Morse becoming the wife of Mr. Willard."

"It would be hard to be separated from her, and the village needs her society and influence; and Odora will soon be a young lady; our Florence is very much attached to her, I wish she could always be her companion."

Mr. Willard visited Roselle, several times during the summer, and again in the fall, carrying away a prize which had been appreciated there for more than twenty years.

Odora was very sad when she took leave of her friends, and when the carriage drove away from what had been her happy home, through her tears she bade it "farewell." It was a cold bleak November's day, and sometimes Odora's heart sank within her, when she thought of what she had left behind. Alpheus sat by her side, but it happened to be one of his cross days, so he paid but little attention to his sister.

Odora pointed to a large spreading tree that was stripped of its foliage, and in an under-tone told her brother that she was like it.

He pugnaciously answered her, "I don't know how you are like that great tree, unless it is because you feel so big."

Her dark blue eyes filled with tears as they mildly rested upon him.

"Don't talk so, dear brother, I only meant that we had left all our dear friends in Roselle."

"Well, if that is what you meant, I should think you are more like the leaves under the tree than anything else; that large beech has got large roots, and it is very evident that our roots were not very deep; if they had been, this Champlain wind would not have upset us and blown us so far from our native soil."

Odora laughed more to make her

brother good-natured, than because she was happy, and said, "Oh, you include yourself, you use the plural I see." She leaned over and placed her arms around his neck, and kissed the brow that had been all day frowning upon everything his eyes rested upon, and gently said, "Dear brother, if we are only rooted and grounded in Christ, these changes will lead us to place our affections on that God that changeth not. We shall no doubt be happy in our new home; Mr. Willard looks very pleasantly upon us; he told me this morning that he intended to send us to the best school in the state."

"He will probably send us back to Roselle then," was Alpheus's reply. "He told me this morning, that he designed to send us to the Academy at Mount Hope."

"Well, brother, that is the very

place I have wanted to go to for a long time, and how pleasant it will be if we can be there together."

"That *if* has blighted the hopes of a great many, Odora,—if mother had not taken it into her head to get married, we should have been at home, and if she had sacked him we should not have been lashed into shoe-strings by this north wind, that almost freezes my ears, with no prospect of its abating, for the clouds are as black as night."

"Dear brother, let me repeat to you Shelley's beautiful poem upon the cloud, and the wind wont blow half so hard, nor the clouds look half so black."

"Well, let us have it then; anything to kill time. You will no doubt do it justice, seeing you are a poetess."

"I'll do my best, so we will have it."

I.

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flow
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams,
 From my wings are shaken the dews that w
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's brea
 As she dances about the sun,
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

II.

"I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast,
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits;
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the gentl that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
 Over the lakes and plains,
 Wherever he dream under mountain or stre
 The spirit he loves remains,
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue sm
 Whilst he is dissolving in rain.

III.

"The sanguine sunrise with his meteor eyes
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rock
 When the morning star shines dead.
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of his golden wings,
 And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea be-
 neath,
 Its ar tours of rest and of love,
 And crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
 As still as a brooding dove.

IV.

"That orb'd maiden with white fire laden
 Whom mortals call the moon
 Glides dimming o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And whenever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars creep behind her and peer;
 And I laughed to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me and high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

V.

"I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and spin
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl,
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be,
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my clasp
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours move,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

VI.

"I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky,
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores
I change, but I cannot die,
For after the rain, with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their coaxing
g'eams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from
tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again."

"Well, Odora, that is beautiful! I almost fancy that the sun is shining. Odora, are you acquainted with the character of Shelley?"

"Not extensively, I have read his poems; are you, Alpheus?"

"I read a brief biography of his not long since; there were traits in his political character that pleased me, but he was one of those that never matured anything, half of his poems are in an unfinished state."

"Alpheus, the one that I have just repeated is finished; in my humble opinion there are finished touches in this, that cannot be surpassed; and there is the poem addressed to the Lord Chancellor on his removing his children, under the false pretence of his not being capable of bringing them up. While he prays for the blighting curse to rest upon his enemies, there is a development of fra-

ternal love, though the finest feelings of his soul had been outraged; it ought to answer as an apology for the strong expressions that are embodied in that petition. I know that the spirit of that prayer is unchristian."

"I suppose, Odora, when he wrote that, he thought the time had come when there was no virtue in forbearance; and I am coming to that conclusion myself, for I am hungry and cold."

Handing his sister a strip of paper, on which he had written—as he had several times during the day—what he dare not speak.

"I wonder when our new dad will haul in for the night."

They soon hove in sight of a large hotel, where they were to spend the night. They enjoyed the large fire that was blazing upon the hearth. While the supper was being pre-

pared Odora was seated by a small table, busily reading; when her brother interrupted her by asking what book she had.

"It is the Champions of Freedom."

Feigning great surprise he gravely repeated, "the Champions of Freedom! What, a novel! I thought you were too pious to read such a book as that; I read it last spring, and while I was doing so you sang 'Old Hundred' with your face as long as my arm"—stretching his arm at full length—"comparatively speaking, my dear sister."

"Why, Alpheus! how unaccountably absurd; I did not know that you had ever read it."

"Oh, you did not!" Turning away with an air of pleased satisfaction.

Mr. Willard during their ride had overheard part of their conversation. He saw there was a difference in the character and taste of the

brother and sister; he admired Odora, and did not dislike her brother. The next day was a bright beautiful one, and they drove rapidly towards their new home. Odora gave her brother a slip of paper on which was written, "I am curious to know how our new home is going to look—I wonder if there are shade trees and flowers, and what kind of a house do you suppose we shall live in?"

"Well, Odora, if you want my ideas I can give them to you. In the first place, we are to be farmers, and I suppose our house will be an old story-and-a-half wood colored building, kitchen and dining-room in front, parlor in the attic, and our bed-rooms down cellar. It is very probably situated in the middle of a cornfield, with a potatoe patch in front, the grand entrance shut in by a pair of bars, a corner crib on each side forming an ar-

cade through which we shall pass when we go to milking—a row of sunflowers on one side of the walk and broom-corn on the other, forming a luxuriant shade during the summer months, with dandelions and daisies, occasionally throwing back their green veils looking up to see if their tall neighbors are like to bring in an abundant harvest.”

“Hush, Alpheus, you are too ridiculous. I am sure I shall like living on a farm very much, for there are more kinds of work we shall learn to do than we could do if we lived in Roselle.”

“Odora, don’t mention Roselle again in my hearing, for that has become as unpleasant to my ears as my graphic description has to yours.”

“Well, Alpheus, there will be one thing that we both shall be happy in.”

“What is that, sis, for I am sure that I want to be happy?”

"I am sure that you do not try to make yourself very happy."

"Don't stop to preach a sermon, before you tell me what we are to be happy in."

"It is dear little Alba, Mr. Willard's adopted daughter; she is to be our sister, she is about five years old."

"Is she pretty?" inquired Alpheus, somewhat interested.

"Mr. Willard says she is — look yonder, brother, and see that beautiful situation!"

"It does look pleasant at a distance; I think I should like to live there."

In a few moments the carriage stood in front of a large arched gate which was opened by a well dressed laborer. Mr. Willard drove up the long avenue, skirted by the tall pines and the more modest mountain ash.

Mr. Willard again halted at a small

wicker gate that led to the front door, out of which ran one of the sweetest little girls Odora had ever seen.

"Oh, papa, you have got home, you have got home."

Mr. Willard, as he took her in his arms, kissed her, and turning to assist Mrs. Willard to alight, said kindly to Odora and Alpheus, "Well, my children, we have got home."

Mr. Willard walked up the steps to the piazza, opening the front door into a large pleasant hall, out of which they stepped into a well furnished parlor, larger than the one they had left in Roselle. Alba was soon in Mrs. Willard's lap and kissed her repeatedly.

"You are my dear mamma, papa says you are."

"Yes, I am your mamma, and you are my dear little girl, and I have

brought you a dear sister and a dear brother, will you love them?"

"Yes, mamma, I love them now, will they love me?"

Alpheus and Odora approached the child, assuring her that they loved her, by an affectionate kiss, each taking one of the little hands, and led her to the piazza.

"Isn't she beautiful, brother?"

"Yes, she is beautiful," was his reply; "she is prettier than you ever were, Odora."

"I am glad of that, Alpheus, I hope she is a great deal better."

"There is a fair chance for that," retorted Alpheus.

"Isn't this a pleasant place?" inquired Odora of her brother.

"Yes, it is very pleasant, but I have seen one thing already that was not very pleasant."

"You are apt to see unpleasant things; why is it so, brother?"

"I do not know, unless it is because unpleasant things are set before me."

"What have you seen that is so unpleasant?"

"I saw on the other side of the drawing room a large cupboard with glass doors, and in that cupboard a full set of china."

"And that was an unpleasant sight, was it?"

"No, the china does not look unpleasant to me at all."

"Well, Alpheus, tell me what you saw."

"I saw more than a dozen of decanters filled with wine and brandy;" with his color deepening he continued, "I believe Mr. Willard makes a daily use of it."

Odora looked sad, and said, "I have too much confidence in our mother to

think that she would marry a man that used alcohol as a beverage."

The ringing of the dinner bell broke up the unpleasant tête-à-tête of the brother and sister. Alba was seated beside her new sister, apparently as well acquainted as if they had always known each other. Odora fancied her mother did not look quite as happy as she did before they stopped, and thought that her forebodings were in unison with her own. Mr. Willard looked with pride on what he then called his "prizes" that he had brought to Champlain. The dinner passed pleasantly, after which he asked Alpheus to take a walk.

Odora and her mother, with Alba between them, were seated on the sofa in the parlor. Odora looking wishfully into her mother's face and said, "Are you happy, dear mamma?"

"Yes, I am quite happy, are you?"

"Yes, mamma, only I feel rather strange; but, I wish George was here; when do you expect him?"

"He will be at home about Christmas, and that will be only five weeks."

"Mamma, is Mr. Willard a Christian?"

"No, Odora, he has never made a public profession of religion, but believes there is divine reality in the religion of Jesus Christ; his theology is correct with the doctrines of the Bible."

"Mamma, is Mr. Willard a member of a temperance society?"

"I should think not, Odora, from the looks of those decanters in the other room, but he was recommended to me as strictly temperate, and I think, if he is not, he will be an easy convert to our temperance principles; we must make him the special object of our prayers."

The five weeks referred to were taken up in receiving and returning calls; the new-comers had little time to be home-sick. Though Odora sometimes longed for her quiet home, she did what she could to assist her mother in waiting on and entertaining company. Mrs. Willard plainly saw that the sphere in which she was now to move was entirely different from her former one. George came by the way of Roselle, bringing with him several letters for his mother and sister, and one for Alpheus, from Henry Radford. An unbroken correspondence was kept up between the friends of Champlain and Roselle for several years. During these years Mrs. Willard did not find her husband as easy a convert as she had expected. Mr. Willard was away much of his time, always having an apology for his absence. Mrs. Willard and her daughters did all they

could to make his home attractive. Odora often found her mother looking very sad, and sometimes in tears; this always occasioned her great pain, she did not venture to inquire the cause.

Alpheus, less sensitive than his sister, on one occasion made a direct reference to Mr. Willard's course of conduct. Odora rebuked her brother, and begged him not to do the like again; he was very angry; he had always been jealous of his elder brother, and sought to lower him in the estimation of his sister, and told Odora that George would be as bad as Mr. Willard if he stayed there. At this she turned deadly pale, her brain whirling so much that she was scarcely able to get to the window; hard as was Alpheus's heart, it was a little softened when he saw the distress he had caused his sister, and he said in a kinder voice than usual—

"George is going to New York so so he will not be under Mr. Willard's influence any longer."

That night Odora was attacked with an epidemic that was prevailing, which threatened to deprive her of life, and her mother of the last tie that bound her to earth. Her disease at length abated, but she had been made an invalid for life. She saw her hopes of future usefulness blighted, and when she was alone, where no eye could see her, she looked upon her blighted prospects, and sometimes in agony she would ask, "Who is sufficient for these things." At first Odora could not see the justice of God; while time was making its changes in her temporal prospects, grace was making a great one in her spiritual. Odora found that God tempered the winds to the shorn of his flock, and while she looked in the far distant future of both worlds

faith stretched but its trembling hand, resting upon those promises that will remain while "the elements melt with fervent heat, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll."

It was more easy for her to be reconciled to her personal affliction than the disgrace she felt was every day increasing in consequence of Mr. Willard's intemperance. Those graces that were always bright in prosperity or adversity were blended in the character of Mrs. Willard, lighting up the dark path which she was now traveling. The word of God was indeed the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; and her soul rested upon these words. "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee;" "My loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail."

Thus strengthened by the word of God she was enabled to endure the wreck of fortune without a murmur. Mr. Willard made up his mind to move west.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAITH.

Shield us, O Lord, from dark temptation's power,
And guide our footsteps lest they erring stray;
Deliver us in the dark and evil hour,
And turn our night, O Father, into day,
Shelter us in thine all-protecting arms,
From specious sin's attacks—from pleasure's guided
harms.

H. H. Weld.

SOME of Mrs. Willard's friends advised her not to accompany him; to this she paid no attention, but made such pre-

parations as were necessary for the journey. They started for what was then thought the "far off west."

Their first stop was in the city of D. The dark muddy streets through which they were compelled to pass were in keeping, Odora thought, with their future prospects. Mr. Willard took his family to a public house, so low and degraded in its character, that once, Mrs. Willard would not have allowed a servant to have entered it. But now she was obliged to stay there with her husband and children, for at least a week, the roads being so bad that it was impossible to get teams to carry them into the country. During their supper, for which they had waited a full hour and a half, the landlady tried to entertain them by giving the full history of a man, who was to be hung that week for the murder of his wife.

"They were both drunk," she added; "he only lived a few miles from here; he has been at our house a great many times. Only just the day before he killed her, my husband sold him a half barrel of whiskey. I presume they were both drunk on that when the quarrel commenced. The hanging bee will be to-morrow; we can all of us go,—it's only down here to the jail."

A gruff voice just behind Odora's chair cried out, "I should like to be your escort then."

Alba and Odora both looked around and shrieked as their eyes fell upon the most degraded piece of humanity they had ever seen, each taking tremblingly hold of their mother, and hastened to an adjoining room, where they hoped to be quiet. In this they were mistaken; there lay one in a state of intoxica-

tion, while another sat reeling by his side, looking as though he would fall upon the floor the next minute. What was to be done? The oaths from the bar-room accompanying the loud and clamorous talk, forbade their going there. Mrs. Willard seemed paralysed by the scene before her. She was undetermined what course to pursue. Odora and Alba stood weeping by her side; but Mrs. Willard had no tears. Becoming almost desperate, she tore herself from the girls; with a firm step, and a dignified air, she entered the bar-room. The first person she met was the bloated form that frightened them from the kitchen; he had just drawn back his arm to strike a man that stood near him. Mrs. Willard seized it, and commanded him to desist. Making her way to her husband on the other side of the room, she asked him to accompany

her. She took his arm and led to the sitting room. As she put out she heard one exclaim, "Jack Windsor, you have been fl once."

Odora heard the name, and it to be the one that used to per poor David. As soon as the door closed, Mrs. Willard pointed to two drunken men—both then asleep—and asked her husband was to be done?

"Why, you must do the best you can," he indifferently answered.

"Isn't there another public house in the city we can go to?"

"There are a hundred, I prefer no better than this, and some a deal worse."

"My husband, I think that is possible. I wish you to speak for a marriage to take myself and daughter to a respectable hotel."

"I shall not do any such thing," he sharply replied. "It is as good for you and your daughters as it is for me."

The girls turned pale, and looked frightened. Odora approached him and laid her hand gently upon his shoulders, and looked kindly into his face, and said, "Do not think that we want to go without you."

The muscles of his face gave way a little, and he told them that it was eleven o'clock, and that it would be impossible for them to leave that night.

"You had better call the landlady, and have her show you to bed."

• He turned and went into the bar-room again. The landlady lighted them up a rickety flight of stairs, showing them into a small room containing two beds. They were soon left alone, each striving to hide her

own grief while they vainly tried to administer to the sorrows of the other. The question was not asked how did father come to bring us here? that was unnecessary. He had lost his pride of character, and the finer feelings of his soul had become seared. Hope, they had ceased to cherish; and the heart grew sick at their present prospects, not daring for a moment to think of the future. Wearied with fatigue and excitement the travellers lay down on their miserable bed; exhausted nature was soon locked in the arms of sleep. About two o'clock in the morning they were suddenly aroused by the cry of "Murder! Murder!" terrified, they sprang from their beds and threw open a window, where they heard one man ask another, "Who stabbed him?" the answer was, "Jack Windsor."

"Have they got him?"

"No, nor they wont, for he will be in Canada in fifteen minutes?"

"Will Sheffield die?"

"No, I think it is only a flesh wound," was the answer; but he did die in consequence of his wound, after lingering ten days.

Mrs. Willard and her daughters did not venture to get into bed again that night.

At length the long wished for morning came, but it brought with it no relief. Everything without and within wore the same aspect of desolation, and the dark pall of death seemed to spread itself over everything on which the eye rested. Few were the words they spoke, their looks were bordering on despair.

Alba looked first at her mother and then at her sister, then buried her face in her sister's lap and wept aloud. The fountain of tears that refused to

come to the relief of Odora and Mrs. Willard, was now unlocked—their heads were buried in each other's bosoms, as they sat on the side of the bed, for there were no chairs in the room. Odora at length said, "Dear mamma, 'Weeping endureth but for a night, joy cometh in the morning;' here is another precious promise from which we can derive consolation."

Odora opened her Bible, and read the first verse of the thirtieth Psalm, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage and he shall strengthen thy heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."

Mrs. Willard was in a measure comforted with Odora's words; she thought of the words of Mr Morse, on that memorable occasion: "In your dear little Odora, you will be blessed."

The mother and daughters bowed before God, and their full hearts found relief not only from his word, but by

pouring out their complaints into the ear of one that could be touched by the feelings of their infirmities.

Mr. Willard's entrance interrupted their devotions; he knew that he was not worthy of the welcome smile they gave him. Seating himself upon the side of the bed, he told them that he was about making a bargain with the landlord to become his partner. To avoid the distressed looks of his family, he walked to the dirt-begrimed window, and took from it an old hat that looked as if it had suffered martyrdom in the cause, and as he looked out, continued—"The few hundreds that we have with us will make this a very different place from what it is now." Not venturing to look at Mrs. Willard, "I think, wife, you will make a very different landlady from the one we have downstairs; and our two girls will make everything look so nice and tidy."

They were now summoned to their breakfast. While they were sitting at the table, little disposed to eat, the bar room door was thrown open into the kitchen; the landlord unceremoniously entered, saying, "Here are all the Willards that I know anything about."

At this Mrs. Willard looked around, and to her utter astonishment, Alpheus stood before her. In the joy of the moment, her troubles were all forgotten, notwithstanding Alpheus looked as cross as they had ever seen him.

Odora asked, "Why are you here? Where did you come from?"

"I think, sis, you had better wait and let me ask how you came here," setting his teeth as he glanced around the room. "You, all of you, look as if you had been sick a month, and it is only fourteen days since you left Champlain."

"My son, how many days since you left there?"

"I stayed long enough to receive several letters from Roselle and one from George."

"Where is George?" inquired Odora.

"He wrote to me while he was visiting the Rev. Mr. Bradley, in the city of B——, George thinks of moving to the West as soon as he can arrange his business."

"What business has he to arrange?" inquired Mrs. Willard.

"Well, mother, I don't know what it is; perhaps it is delivering temperance lectures, for he has informed me that he has been induced to take the pledge."

"What news from Roselle?" inquired Mrs. Willard.

"Only Theodore Williams has married Josephine, and they are going to visit Walter. Mr. Henry Radford is

delivering temperance lectures, believe that is all the news any more questions to ask.

"One question, my son asked, and you have not : What brought you here?"

Alpheus looked gravely at her, and saw that she was waiting for a reply. "It was for your mother, and my sisters, that I came."

Alba exclaimed, "How do you love me, if you will take us to our pleasant home."

"I wish, Alba, you had asked me. I have one question to ask you. Mother, will you return to England with me? I think I am tired enough of Western life; you may as well make up your mind to return first as last."

"The evils which follow of Intemperance have no hopes, in the Eastern

threatened to overthrow me. I cannot consent to return. When I look upon the broad territory which is spread out before us, and see the monster Alcohol lifting up its crested head, I am led to inquire, 'Lord, what will thou have me to do?' And since man has turned away from his God, as a source of enjoyment, and from his service as a means of obtaining it, he has been prone to seek it in some improper bodily or mental gratification. If I can be useful in any degree, in the war which has been declared against the kingdom of Alcohol, I shall have obtained my object."

"I think, mother, your chance for usefulness in this place is very small."

"Alpheus, I shall not despise the day of small things; the tall oak springs from the little acorn."

"This is true, mother, but you will find it up-hill business. Character and

money, two essential properties, you will find necessary to make out your composition for future usefulness. It will be many years before this territory will be adopted into the Union as a State; but in time she will no doubt become one of the first. Men who emigrate to this country, have something else to do besides laying plans to organize societies; and then in every reform there must be leading spirits, and I am led to ask who will lead the van in the western wilds, and hundreds, my dear mother, will find a drunkard's grave before you or my sister can make one successful effort in the needed reform. It is impossible for you to open wide enough the gates of moral suasion to let one of the miserable bloats that lie in yonder bar-room pass through. I do not doubt that you and Odora are both capable of writing upon this subject,

but who are to be your publishers ? There is not a printing office west of this city, so what will you do ?”

“ Well, my son, I will put my trust in Him who has promised to hear his people in the day when they call on his name. The Lord is my Rock and my Pasture, and my Deliverer ; the God of my Salvation, in Him will I trust. He is my Shield and the horn of my salvation, my high tower and my refuge and Saviour. Thou savest me from violence. The Lord shall be my buckler, in Him will I put my trust.

“ Alpheus, I wish you would procure teams to take us into the country as soon as possible.”

Early in the afternoon of the same day they left the city of D. ; the roads were so bad that they made but little progress ; they were four days going fifty miles. The bad roads over which

they were obliged to pass, and the heavy rains in which they were frequently drenched, were pleasant compared with the miserable lodgings they had left.

The confidence of Mrs. Willard and Odora was strengthened when they thought of their providential deliverance from infamy and shame. After a long, thoughtful silence, Odora asked her mother "if she did not think they had been very wicked in distrusting the goodness of God?"

"I thought, my child, I had for many years believed the hairs of my head were numbered, and not even a sparrow should fall to the ground without my Heavenly Father's notice. I shall, for the future, when I think I believe confidently, be led to cry out, 'Lord, help thou my unbelief.'"

Mr. Willard had been very angry with Alpheus the morning previous,

and refused to ride with him, therefore the mother and daughters rode by themselves. Alpheus did all in his power to make the journey easy and pleasant. He was more kind and affectionate than they had ever seen him. He was now all that they could wish or desire. Alba playfully told him one day, that the Lord sent him to take care of them, just as he sent the ravens to feed Elijah.

"You naughty sis, you think me the raven and you the chosen of the Lord, do you not?"

"No, I don't think just so ; I think you were the chosen of the Lord—chosen just to take care of us."

"I see you want to get away without having a quarrel with me, but you don't escape, for you have called me a raven."

"No, Alpheus, I only said you were like one."

"Well, I don't feel much flattered at that, for the Bible says, 'the ravens shall pluck out their eyes and the young eagles shall eat them;' and I am sure that I don't feel like plucking out eyes, but more like opening them."

"What would you open them to see, Alpheus?" inquired Odora.

"I would fain open the eyes of intelligent men and women to see, where Alcohol is used as a beverage, that death is in the pot."

The girls could not help but laugh when they looked up and saw what a queer expression he had given to his face.

"Well, my dear sisters, there is one thing that I hope your bright eyes will not be open to see."

"What is that?" inquired Alba.

"I hope you will not live to see the birds soar away to their cosy nests,

shaded and guarded by the green hangings of nature's own providing, nor the little foxes scampering away to their little burrows to shelter themselves from the approaching storm;" in low and tremulous tones he added, "and you left with not the where to lay your head."

His last words had filled the eyes of both the girls with tears. At the same time striving in vain to hide his own emotions, after a moment's pause he continued: "This will be the case if you follow that ignis fatuus that is ahead," pointing to Mr. Willard, who was before them in a wagon.

"We will not follow him," said Odora. "We will follow the Eastern star that guided the wise men of Israel to the Babe in Bethlehem, and to them in the stable, who offered up their gifts of frankincense and myrra. So will our dear mother, our sister,

and myself, offer the few precious jewels we gathered in the Eastern states here in the Western wilds, asking God to make diamonds of them."

Alpheus remained several days with the family after their arrival in what was then called Amherst, doing what he could to make them comfortable in their new log-house.

By the time Alpheus got ready to leave, Mr. Willard had made up his mind that Alph. was not so bad a fellow after all. As to himself he had no "malice to heart," although he had talked very unkind to him.

Alpheus took his leave, and they were left to contend alone with the inconveniences of a new country, and they contended valiantly, in doors and out, showing that the hand of industry had been at work; their household inconveniences were nothing to be compared with being deprived of books

and papers. Mrs. Willard managed to remove the latter obstacles by corresponding with Eastern editors and becoming their weekly contributor. Odora soon joined her mother in this. They wrote under assumed names and upon subjects nearest their hearts; they corresponded with temperance societies, East, begging them to send their champions into the western valley where the fields were already white for the harvest and laborers were few; and filled their mouths with arguments. Their faith rested on the immutable Word, and they leaned upon the strong arm that was able to deliver. The light that had irradiated the Eastern hemisphere promised to shed its irradiating beams, and to roll back the moral cloud of darkness that brooded over the Western world. It was a long time before much good was evidently done. De-

spising not the day of small things they pressed on to the mark of the prize of the high calling. Mrs. Willard and Odora were unobtrusive in their characters, so they toiled on, not letting the left hand know what the right hand did.

Not known but as indigent farmers, their circumstances were so straitened that they were obliged to labor with their hands to obtain a livelihood. Mr. Willard in the mean time lost his health, and his intellect became so much impaired that he was a source of anxiety, as well as an additional expense, but this did not discourage them; though they were obliged to drop some of their correspondents, they had seen the great work in which they were engaged prosper in their hands, and these were all the laurels they desired. They rejoiced even when they saw at a distance the trembling

of the leaves in the top of the mulberry trees, and then how their hearts rejoiced when the soft æolian sounds of the temperance song floated amid its gladdened branches, they saw the sun rise in the distant East,—though the day might be long and dark, they knew it must go down in the Western horizon; their hearts sometimes for a moment grew sick at hope so long deferred; but this did not deter them from the great work in which they were engaged. The hearts of those in the same great work were often cheered by them as they journeyed Westward.

Odora's bedroom looked indeed like a temperance studio; her table was covered with books and papers. Mrs. Willard and Alba were often there reading and writing and devising plans how they could most advantageously advance the cause in which they were

engaged. In consequence of constant mental exertions, Odora lost her health, and resolved to visit her native State. It took her but a little while to get ready for her journey. They were comfortably seated in a railroad car, and in two hours and a half they accomplished a journey which twelve years before they had been four days in effecting.

Their journey was a pleasant one, and in five days they were in Champlain. Alba and Odora did not stop to weep over the past; they had a two-fold object in visiting their native State—one for the benefit of health, the other to visit temperance societies and to obtain such statistics as would be of service to them after their return.

Odora spent several days in Roselle, where she was most cordially welcomed by all that knew her, and among her large circle of acquaintances

none gave her a more hearty welcome than Mr. and Mrs. Bertram, who were still living, though enfeebled by age and bowed by the heavy hand of sorrow that had long rested upon them. In Roselle Odora heard the unhappy fate of poor Walter.

Mrs. Williams went South soon after her marriage. She found Walter living far beyond his means. She remonstrated, begging him to lessen his expenses, the only means that would save him from becoming a bankrupt. This he could not be induced to do. He was then considered a wealthy New England gentleman, and was engaged to be married to a respectable young lady possessing quite a fortune. The story had been circulated, several times, that Mr. Bertram was intemperate; but this had been attributed to envious persons who would fain rival him in his love. The

day for the marriage was fixed upon, and a magnificent outfit was in waiting. Among the guests that were invited were two gentlemen from the West by the name of McMartin, with whom Walter had become acquainted. The oldest was in some degree a kindred spirit of Mr. Bertram. He had become an invalid in consequence of intemperance. His brother, several years younger than himself, was like a guardian angel, shielding him always from public disgrace, and as much as possible from private. He had seen the growing intimacy between Bertram and his brother, and determined, as soon as the wedding festivities were over, to return to Amherst. Two days before the wedding was to take place, strangers were seen about the store, and then all was still, a writ of injunction was served, and the story went as fast as busy tongues could carry it,

that Mr. Bertram was a bankrupt, and his intended must know the fact. His pride was wounded, and he became desperate. He managed to get the elder McMartin from under the eye of his brother, and drove out of town to a neighboring village, where they spent the night in drinking and carousing. There Lewis McMartin found them so inebriated that they were unable to take care of themselves. In this state, he had his brother borne to the nearest steamboat landing, and in a few hours took passage for their home.

But where was poor Bertram? Alone in his room, without a friend to advise or direct him. He awoke, but despair rested upon his heart. He attempted to drown his grief, but this was impossible. Several weeks were spent in a state of fearful determination. On examining his purse he found that he had but a few dollars

left. With this he paid his passage to Charleston, where he hoped to find some friends to aid him in this hour of trial. On his arrival he found himself a stranger and penniless, so he walked up and down the streets, looking occasionally into the brilliant saloons that once had attraction for him. At length, wearied and sad, he leaned his head against a lamp post and wept. He stood, he knew not how long. A hand was laid upon his shoulders, and he was addressed by a tall, dark complexioned, black-eyed man. He asked him in a foreign accent, "What he was snivelling there for?" "Because, sir, I have nowhere else to snivel, as you please to call it." "Then if you haven't you had better come with me; I will give you better lodgings." Reaching his arm, which Walter took immediately, they went their way, arm in arm, through seven

streets, till they came to a respectable looking building inclosed by a high iron fence. They passed around to the back part of the building, and entered a side door into a long dark hall, out of which several doors opened. A shudder of fear came over Walter as he followed his guide, and as the hand of the stranger opened one of the lower doors, dark forebodings again settled upon the heart that had once been alive to hope and happiness. They entered a small room evidently fitted for the accommodation of only one person.

The black-eyed stranger knew what was necessary to rally the spirits of his new guest.

"Make yourself at home, sir; you are with your friends. You will stay here to-night; I shall be engaged—so you will have to entertain yourself until morning, unless some of my boys

will drop in and spend an hour with you this evening. I have a lot of the good stuff here. Will you get a glass?" Opening a cupboard handy by, he gave him a decanter and told him to help himself. "Wish your supper you can ring for them there will be servants to wait on you." Bowing low he bade him "good night," and he left the door open.

Walter, being alone, asked repeatedly, "What does this mean? I have no acquaintance with this man. Perhaps it is a French man with whom my father had an acquaintance, and I don't know if this can be either."

After taking a second glass of brandy, he concluded that it was no use, and there was no use of his brain to find out who or what the host was. He at length rang for supper. A comfortable dinner

soon in readiness for him, and he was in a state to enjoy it, for he had not taken any nourishment during the day. He did not want any one to come to entertain him. In a state of bewildered astonishment he threw himself on his bed, where he slept soundly till morning.

His host called on him and gave his name as Brown, that he was captain of a vessel that then lay in port bound for the East Indies. "If you would like a berth on board I can accommodate you, but I should not like to make such a looking fellow as you a common sailor. If your name is Walter Bertram, I shall take the liberty to enroll you as Washington Axcelle."

"It is immaterial to me, Captain Brown, by what name I am called."

"Then just keep your real name to yourself, sir, and I will make a man of

you yet, and you will have no occasion to wash the lamp post with your tears again. We are to have a sailor's levee to-night, and I wish you to be in attendance, Mr. Axcelle."

Walter drew a long breath, knowing that he had no means to make preparations to appear in public. As Captain Brown left the room he threw a purse of gold upon the table, saying, "Cheer up, my boy, there are better days coming."

Walter had never thought of being a sailor, but this new idea pleased him; he spent the day in making preparations for the evening. He was introduced to several of Captain Brown's men, and visited the vessel in which he hoped to sail in a few days, and he enabled to forget the past. Evening at length came; in company with several of his new comrades, he went to the place of

entertainment. Walter was at first bewildered by the brilliant appearance of everything. The hearty welcome he received from those present soon made him forget everything but the good cheer that was spread out before him; the party was not as large as he had expected, but more showy and brilliant, the tables were richly spread, around which old and young were sitting or standing. Music and dancing were soon introduced, in which all participated.

There were a few ladies present, as Walter thought them to be, richly dressed, but not in as good taste, he thought, as he had seen before. At first there was a reservedness that pleased him. But this was soon thrown aside, and a familiarity assumed that disgusted him. He was quick to see that he was not among the most chaste. As he became in-

flated with the charged wines, his disgust lessened; though unaccustomed to scenes of licentiousness, it did not take long for him to become initiated in what a few hours before his nature revolted. He never possessed a reflecting mind, and we could not expect that he would have taken up a serious train of thought. His eyes now beheld strange women, and his heart uttered perverse things.

CHAPTER X.

THE DECEIVER AND THE DECEIVED.

"Farewell! that seal is set,
In life unbroken;
Thou hast with the heartless stranger met
With the quivering lip, the eyelid wet."
S. W. Stebbing.

WALTER had again looked upon the

wine when it was red, and was soon to receive its serpent-like sting; but the cloud over his mental vision was hourly becoming more dense, inso-much that it was impossible for him to see the monster encircling him in its crested folds. He saw not the forked tongue as it neared his vitals, and felt not the poison fangs, as it buried itself in the fountain of his moral existence, diffusing its poison in the deep recesses of his soul. The giddy dance went on, until the poisoned atmosphere dried up the last spring of self-respect. The debauch continued until late at night. At length Captain Brown drew near, and with a satanic smile, said, "Wake up, Axcelle; we are to take up a collection to settle this bill; set your name to this paper; never mind the sum; I'll pay that."

Walter took up the pen that was

handed, and wrote, "Washington Axcelle." The Captain was much pleased, and expressed it by slapping him on the shoulders and calling him a "good fellow."

"This deception," thought he, "has worked like a charm. I have another name enrolled on the pirate's list."

Walter was carried to his room in a state of intoxication. Several weeks were spent in making preparations for the voyage; every night bringing its debauch, in which Walter was a hearty participator. At length the day arrived for them to set sail, and the last cry, "All on board," was given, and Walter was not slow to obey it. They weighed anchor, and were soon out of sight. Early next morning a hands were summoned on deck, where the laws and by-laws were read, during which the scales fell from Walter's eyes; he found, to his utter horror,

astonishment, that he was on board of a pirate ship. Oaths of the most startling character were being administered.

"What was to be done?" he asked himself again and again. Captain Brown, in a sterner voice than he had ever heard him speak before, commanded him to step forward, but he moved not; his feet seemed riveted to the deck.

"Don't stand there, you chicken heart; step forward—show yourself a man; come, hurry along,—I have supported you a month, giving you all the good cheer you wanted, and here is a chance to cancel the bill I have against you."

Walter moved not—the Captain ordered him not to delay—at length he moved mechanically forward and took the oath; in a few moments that part of the business was completed. The dark

forebodings of Walter's mind, together with the dissipation in which he had indulged during the last month, prostrated him; he was violently attacked with a nervous fever, and for several weeks was unable to leave his state-room. During this time they had given chase to several vessels, but had been unsuccessful. One bright beautiful morning he crept on deck and sat down, endeavoring to find something on which to rest a hope of escape. Everything on which his imagination could fix was shrouded in blackness, in darkness and despair, at which he grew faint and sick. He thought at first that he would throw himself overboard; but he was afraid to destroy that which he had sworn to rob others of. The prayers and tears of his mother and sisters came up before him like so many spectres to drive him to despair; he thought of his own happy

home, together with the smiles and caresses which had in vain been lavished upon him; he thought of his mother's last gift,—the Bible—and at that moment he would have given worlds to have redeemed it. But it was gone,—he had pawned it for a single glass of that which had proved his ruin. Wearied with thinking, he lay down upon deck and slept until he was aroused by the loud cry of "ship ahoy." The next sound that fell upon his ear, "All hands on deck,"—every man was armed. Under full sail they gave the distant vessel chase, every moment gaining ground upon her. Orders were given to board her at once. The stranger ship sailed alongside without appearing to notice them. Orders were given to fire upon her, and no sooner was it obeyed, than the merchant ship charged back with redoubled fury. Captain Brown found

that he was like to have his match; the grappling irons were soon made fast. The next moment Captain Brown was run through with the bayonet of an American seaman, and he fell dead upon the deck. The crew on board the Blackbird were panic-struck, and soon cried for quarter, which was conditionally granted. Walter, with the rest of the wounded persons, was carried on board the "Elkhart," where his wounds were found to be mortal. The dying man was conscious that a kinder hand than he was worthy of was wiping the sweat from his brow. He opened his eyes and saw Lewis McMartin standing by his side.—To him, with his dying breath, he told his story. Mr. McMartin tried to point him to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, but despair filled the soul of the wretched man; the vital spark flickered and then

went out. His body was consigned to a watery grave to slumber among the coral caves until the last trumpet shall sound which will awake the dead to a reunion of the soul and the body.

Mr. McMartin had found that it was impossible in America to keep his brother from scenes of dissipation. He, soon after leaving the South, proposed to his brother a sea voyage, faintly hoping in some degree to restore him to health, knowing that on board ship he would have him more completely under his control. He labored hard to direct his mind, and by the kindest and most conclusive arguments to convince him of the great risk he was running in trifling with his life and health. Mr. McMartin did not seem to live for himself, but for his brother's spiritual and temporal happiness, for which he was constantly laboring. Sometimes his hope

would become brightened, and he would for a moment indulge the thought that Augustus would at length become a temperate man. He related to his brother the unhappy fate of poor Bertram, hoping that it would be a warning to him. Nothing of interest transpired during the passage, save their encounter with the Blackbird. The brothers spent a few weeks in Liverpool, and then visited the great Metropolis, where every place of interest was visited by them. Mr. McMartin was always careful to avoid those places where his brother would be tempted more than he would be able to bear. Wines were not allowed on his table; if they were invited to dine with a friend, he only consented on condition that this evil should not be among the varieties. After a pleasant stay of several weeks in London, they took passage for France, both

equally desirous of visiting Parisian antiquities. Their voyage across the channel was a pleasant one. On their arrival in France, they lost no time in procuring a suitable guide, with a full determination to visit every place of interest that was accessible. Lewis soon found that it would be necessary to keep a closer watch over his brother than when he was in England, for there he found the enemy he so much dreaded spreading snares for their feet, and by their polite courtesy endeavoring to entrap them. At first the elder Mr. McMartin was interested, as they visited from place to place the ancient lore of France. One bright beautiful morning they were conducted by their guide to the Louvre. As they traversed this almost never ending building, gazing upon the innumerable pictures, they were lost in admiration. Mr. McMartin said in a let-

ter to his friends, that the long gallery was one thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet in length, and forty-two in breadth, and the wall covered with pictures, which were divided into four classes: French, Italian, Flemish, and German, containing one thousand four hundred and eight pictures, and none but the works of deceased masters could be admitted here. Mr. McMartin was told that, to go over the whole building would make a full mile.

Mrs. Nicolson, in her "Gaulic Gleanings,"—a work which every Parisian visitor should avail themselves of—says, "She has twice been over the buildings, and she would prefer walking five miles on a plain road to a walk through the Louvre, if her eye must take in the pictures as she proceeds." As Mr. McMartin gazed upon the relics of past ages, his heart

was deeply affected, as he thought of the thousands, yes, millions, who had been endowed by nature with intellect and taste, sufficient to erect for them monuments of imperishable honors,—but had, in consequence of alcoholic liquors, made shipwreck of Nature's richest gift; and was more fully determined than ever, by the help of God, to assist his brother whom he so much loved, to add to his "knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

The two gentlemen now left the Louvre, and repaired to the Jardin des Plantes. They found its beginning was in 1635 by Louis XIII. They visited its botanical garden and gallery of anatomy, menagerie, a library and amphitheatre, where public lectures are

given. They had no time to examine these ; but strolled on among the tall trees, then entered some of the glass houses, saw the cedar of Lebanon planted in 1734, measuring ten and a half English feet in circumference, six feet from the ground. Mr. McMartin said, as he looked upon this native of Palestine, that he was led to think of these beautiful lines—

"The cedars wave on Lebanon ;
 But Judah's stately maids are gone ;
 So now we wander witheringly,
 In other lands to die ;
 And where our fathers' ashes be,
 Our own shall never lie."

Though they had been in Paris but two days, it was evident that his brother was becoming weary of sight-seeing. He dreaded to see the listless indifference with which he looked upon what so deeply interested himself, and hastened as fast as possible

from one place of interest to another, drinking in at a glance all that his haste made it possible. Unexpectedly he came up in front of the obelisk of Luxor. For a moment the mind of Lewis McMartin was lost in a labyrinth of thought. He then advanced to examine more minutely its antique history; its hieroglyphics were not to be deciphered by him, but he learned by its superscriptions that it was a native of Egypt, and had been transported by the French Government in 1836, and placed upon this spot, where its proud head was lifted toward high Heaven. This obelisk is seventy-two feet in height, seven feet six inches broad at the base, and five feet four inches at the top, weighing five hundred thousand pounds. Lewis McMartin and his brother were invited by an American, to a large party, where he knew champagne would be

in abundance. He was glad he avoid the politeness of his com- man, for every hour of his time engaged, as he had resolved to es for the United States by the steamer. He lost no time forws his excuses, and early the nex they were passing the Quai de logue, their attention was attract a pile of buildings, which from ward appearances was evident tended for public utility; on en they found that in the fourteent tury, it was used as a palace. stands as a bold monument of str being two hundred and sixteen in length, by eighty-four in br It contains many rooms, all r in history by interesting and painful events; in one room the statue of Saint Louis again wall, guarding a will of Louis teenth, which is closed in a rece

bricked up that it may never be executed. Here are the galleries containing the statues of the Chancellors and portraits of the Lawyers. The court of Assizes is ornamented with rich paintings upon the ceilings.

Mr. McMartin strove in vain to arouse his brother and fix his restless mind upon objects which were worthy of his notice. Finding this impossible, they bade "farewell" to Paris, and were soon on their way to the United States. Lewis had only seen enough of Paris to make him want to see more; but as he was not living for himself, he cheerfully made such sacrifices as he thought would be for his brother's interest. On their arrival in New York it was found necessary that Lewis McMartin should leave immediately for the country to transact business for his brother. The first time for many months he left his

brother to himself. Though he was in all his thoughts, he felt in some degree relieved from the harassing caprices of one who was laboring under mental as well as bodily diseases. During his journey he met with Odora Morse, from whom he gained some interesting facts relative to the progress of temperance, and of the great effort some of the States were making to obtain an Anti-liquor Law.

At the large collections of statistics which this lady was in possession of, he was indeed somewhat astonished, for he had only heard of her as a private person, and thought her circumstances must confine her to a limited sphere of action. He listened with interest while she told him of the unhappy fate of Henry Radford, who had labored valiantly in the temperance cause. He learned that Mr.

Radford had been giving a course of lectures in one of the principal towns of his native State, and efficiently assisted in framing a petition to send to the Legislature, praying them to abolish the use of liquors as a beverage, which has since been granted, and that State is now enjoying the blessings of the Anti-Liquor Law, for which we are now so ardently contending.

Mr. Radford being ill one evening, called at a Druggist's, and requested the clerk to administer to him a small portion of Morphine, Mr. Radford swallowed the drug, and instantly discovered that he had taken a portion of strychnine. He only had time to inform the clerk of the mistake he had made, and in a few moments was a corpse. It was found that the clerk was in a state of intoxication, when the drug was administered. Mr.

McMartin was pained that such an accident should befall one who had been, and was qualified to be eminently useful. As he was about finishing up his business, he received a letter informing him that his brother was very ill, and needed his presence. He returned immediately to New York, where he found him in a state of insensibility, and was told by his friends, that some of the former associates of his brother, hearing of his arrival, called on him, and he was persuaded by them to again indulge in his former habits of intemperance. Mr. McMartin, in a few days, was called to close the eyes of one, over whom he had carefully watched, and guarded as tenderly as a mother guards a helpless infant. He had the body conveyed to the West for interment; where Mr. McMartin is now laboring for the law for which the

masses have petitioned our legislature, and for that which should, during this campaign, call into action every philanthropist. Odora still lives unobtrusively to cheer her fellow laborers in this great cause. The few last years of Odora's life have been an unbroken scene of trial. Death has deprived her of her mother, who had been for years her fellow laborer, to whom she was bound by the most tender ties of sympathy and love. Her dear Alba has found a home far from her, yet she sometimes assures her that she still loves her by tokens like the following.

TO ODORA:

"I miss thee, sister, eve and morn,
And often sigh to see thy face;
To hear thy greeting pure and warm,
To feel again thy fond embrace,

I miss thee, sister, when my heart
Is swept by sadness' heavy wings,

And to my eyes the tear drops start
As memory back thy image brings.

I miss thee, sister, oft when cares
Their shadows o'er my spirit fling
For thou my grief wast wont to share,
And bear me on thy firmer wings.

And oh ! when pain has laid me low,
Sister, I miss thy soothing tone,
And gentle hand to press my brow—
A lonely stranger here I roam.

When friendship crowns the passing hour,
Made glad by those I've met with thee,
E'en friendship loses half its power,
Dear sister, then I think of thee,

Thy love my early cares beguiled,
And dearest then thou wert to me;
Now others round my heart have twined,
Yet, sister, there is room for thee."

Alba.

In tracing the most favorable lines
of the few families and individuals
with whom I have been confidentially
acquainted, I have had no occasion to
exaggerate, but have been obliged to
lay aside some of the darkest shades

in their history in consequence of the unbroken friendship, which has long, and still exists between us. I have not found it necessary to call to my aid the pen of fiction to delineate the evils which follow in the train of intemperance. Though the reader of these pages may be one of limited observation, he will be obliged to acknowledge that the half cannot be told. Writers upon this subject are often charged with choosing language too strong, and figures and metaphors too terrific for the refined and sensitive tastes of the present age; but we who have waged war with the power of darkness, dare not cry "peace" until the enemy that has long since been routed and driven into his own den, shall there be bound with legal chains, condemned to suffer the full penalty of our laws, and then wait for the more dreadful tribunal when they shall cry



for the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of him who has said, "I will laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh." "When this fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish come upon them, then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer. They shall seek me early, but they shall not find me; for they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord."

The floodgates of opposition have long since been opened upon us; but the everlasting arms have been underneath us. We have no flag of truce to present to our enemies; for a complete victory must be obtained. "Victory or death" should be the warword of the masses, into whose hands the power is now given to obtain the prize which we have petitioned

Legislature to grant us. Shall I say that they possessed not moral courage sufficient to contend with our mighty foe, and say thus far shalt thou go, and no farther? They have left the great question for us to answer. Lovers and friends of human happiness, delay not to set down the right foot of that power with which you are now invested, with your hands upon the unfailing Truth of Him who has provided a ransom, and swear by your united efforts that you will break the strong arms of Alcohol—wait not till the bottles containing the tears of murdered wives and orphaned children are poured out upon us as so many vials of wrath, engulfing us in its saliniferous flood. We will not loan money, nor give bonds to the legal murderer, when he shall purchase Sahara's boundless desert for a burying place, for the murderer and the murdered,

and then sigh because there is not room enough. If we slay, it is to make alive—alive to happiness in this world; and alive to imperishable honors beyond the grave. Were there ever responsibilities of greater magnitude imposed upon a people than are now resting upon us as a State? We, from the most secret recesses of the soul, cry out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But we are answered, "Lo! I am with thee to the end of the world."

Speak, Almighty God, and "it shall be done"—"command, and it shall stand fast." Let the voice of millions cry out, "Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;" and let the full tide of glory that is in store for us to choose be poured in upon us. We will not dash from our lips the full cup that is poured out for us, nor turn away from

the inexhaustible fountain and say the key has not been given us to unlock it. We have heard the agonizing cry of widows and orphans when we had not power to deliver. The moral night has been a long and dark one; and we have waited patiently for the dawning of this day—the glorious wings of the morning have been unpinioned, and with its purple plumes it has fanned into life some of our eastern States; and from its ever expanding wings the pearls of civil and religious love have filled the hearts of thousands with the rich boon of hope and happiness. Shall we command the sun to stand still and wrap around him the mantle of our shame, while we pinion the wings of the morning, and chain the chariot wheels of salvation, and cover the face of the full blushing moon in a drapery of death? No! we will not! but we will say to

the Queen of the night, shed around us thy softest beams while we admire the full girdle of pearls which encircles thee ; and we will say to the God of the day—roll on, chariot of fire, stop not in thy meridian height to lay aside thy irradiating beams, but pour out upon the Western skies the full tide of thy matchless glory, until the East and the West shall blend their strength and form one inseparable equilibrium.

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